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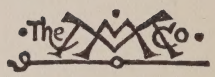

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THE MALADY OF EUROPE

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BY
M. E. RAVAGE
AUTHOR OF "AN AMERICAN IN THE MAKING"

8731

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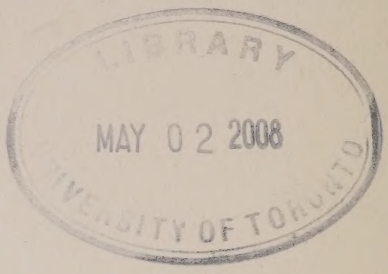

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
OTTO MAURER

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THE MALADY OF EUROPE

THE MALADY OF EUROPE

INTRODUCTION

Drifting Europe and Muddling America

I

BY an interesting coincidence, I landed in New York on November 17th last, just one day before M. Clemenceau. The war premier of France and I were both returning, he after an interval of fifty years, I after an absence of a little more than two. I was happy to be home again; M. Clemenceau, too, professed to be delighted by his visit. And both of us marvelled greatly at the distances America had travelled while we were away. What made the coincidence interesting were these distances. Odd as it might seem, fifty years had made nowhere near the difference that half that number of months had made.

M. Clemenceau had left the United States a country of pioneers and New York a small town. Hence he was impressed with the astonishing growth of the nation and the rise of the city to its commercial and financial pre-eminence. He had not seen America as

I had in the ecstasy of war, and therefore he could be but mildly surprised to find her becalmed in isolation. He noted a vast outward change; I was startled by a complete moral reversion. It was as if the Frenchman had found the infant he had left behind grown up—which was after all what might have been expected—while I returned to behold the whilom romantic crusader transformed into a disillusioned and respectable family man with an umbrella.

Nothing more eloquently testified to this metamorphosis than the very reception America accorded the Father of Victory. The little handful of French partisans went around congratulating themselves on the profound impression he was making, the homage he was receiving, the interest he was arousing. They were much too modest. They understated the case by half. It was not interest; it was incredulity. What America tendered was not homage but wide-eyed wonder. Clemenceau was not a mere distinguished statesman, or even just a picturesque figure. Our people crowded forward to see in the flesh an apparition, a character out of the dim and half-forgotten history books. Clemenceau, Clemenceau? They seemed to rake their memories. Just what had he done? Oh, indeed! Something about a big war and a very remarkable victory. But which one? There was so much about wars and victories in those far-off days of school and college. Was it Thermopylæ? Or Aktion? Or the Field of the Cloth of Gold? Anyhow it was nothing that America had ever had anything

to do with. It must have occurred before the Discovery. But wasn't it exciting all the same to have the hero of the affair right there as big as life?

Clemenceau pleaded, scolded, shed tears. The audience nudged one another, stared in blank amazement. He seemed almost real. He went on. He told us that Europe was in a state, that France was a dove of peace, that the Germans were making submarines out of ploughshares and wheelbarrows, that America was not a bit nice to pick up and leave in the middle of the show. We hardly listened. Queer cusses, those ancients. They got wound up once, and did not know how to stop themselves. What was it all about anyway? America? There, clearly, his mechanism had got twisted. We—we had never heard of the show, let alone been in it. Cato, the Censor, haranguing us to come and save Rome after the burning of Carthage, could not have seemed more remote, more irrelevant, more fantastic.

Presently, however, an unexpected thing happened which brought the house down with a thrill and a groan. The things that happen in Europe, will, it seems, forever be shockingly unexpected in America. Exit Clemenceau, legendary hero of a legendary victory. Shift scene. Time, a thousand years or so later. Place, a sooty valley by the Rhine. Enter Poincaré, man of flesh and blood—especially blood—lineal descendant of the mythical Clemenceau.

The Father of Victory had no sooner finished telling us what a convinced pacifist and internationalist he had

become, he had scarcely tossed us his last farewell kiss, when his successor at the Palais Bourbon flung a bomb into the heart of Europe. America sat up with a start; which only goes to show how much more effective a little action is than the most pious of sermons. What was this? we asked ourselves in consternation. Again war? Hadn't we crushed militarism? Hadn't we fought the last of all wars, the war to end war, and won, too? Why, we had thought might makes right and all that sort of violent business was out of date. Well, not quite, it seemed. We had hardly realized that the duel had been continuing right along ever since the half-holiday to celebrate the armistice. We had never heard of the Rumanians in Budapest, and Korfanty in Upper Silesia, and the sanctions in Dusseldorf, and the seizures and penalties and sword-rattlings and bugaboo that have kept Europe dancing to its familiar tune since the autumn of 1918. It appeared never to have dawned on us that Prussian militarism was not exactly the same thing as the spirit of militarism, that European peace-making might be more violent than its war-making, that humbling the Kaiser along with seventy millions of German people, and setting three-fourths of Europe on its bleeding head, was not precisely making the world a better place to live in, not even for the nations called victorious. We had never heeded the warning that the malady we so bravely went forth to conquer was in the blood and that therefore it could not be cured by applications to the in-

tegumen, however irritating. Small wonder that now the infection broke through on another spot, we were, as is the fashion of tyros, most sincerely upset.

So where Clemenceau had failed gloriously, Poincaré succeeded dismally. What exhortation could not achieve in a month, the Ruhr compassed in a trice. America stirred out of her golden dream, and woke to find that Europe was still where she had left her. America came back, too—but not to her place beside her faithful allies, but to the idyllic days of 1914, to the state of argumentative neutrality.

We are still there at this writing. The pro-allies are again—or shall I say, still?—with us, diminished, alas! but not the least put out by the uninteresting detail that there are no allies. Here are, also, the stay-at-home-at-any-price people, unabashed, these, that their unsuccess in staying at home the last time has involved them in some responsibility. Only the pro-Germans are absent—for the time being. But their pews are by no means vacant. They are filled by the strange company of salvation-by-faith brethren, the incorruptible, never-say-die devotees of the League of Nations. A disconcerting spectacle this for the stoic Cincinnatus, skulking back there at an unfeeling world in his hut on the Basque coast.

With the good gentlemen of the pro-ally persuasion I have no quarrel. There is no breach in their armor. Their consistency is unassailable. In the last analysis they never cared a straw about America while the war was on. They had no concern with America's aims or

ideals or place in the world. They were not pro-American; they were merely pro-war. They fought because fighting was to their taste. They made war on Prussian militarism, not because it was militarism but because it was Prussian. The purposes of America did not touch them; they scarcely heeded them. They were out for victory, not for peace. They sang hymns to President Wilson without believing or understanding a word of what he said. Enough for them that he was the President. It did not matter to them why Germany was an enemy, what the menace of her was, or by what means the menace could be destroyed. They fought not the German idea, but the German people. They attacked not the disease but the patient. Their minds were too stiff, too elementary to perceive such fine distinctions. They did more than any group in this country to win the war for France; they did more than any group to defeat America at the peace. America's guilt in the present plight of the world is primarily their guilt.

They have not budged a step since November 11, 1918. The march of events is helpless to change their attitude. Their intellects have not been demobilized; they have lost the use of them. They keep on, by sheer force of habit and mental inertia, to call for a march on Berlin, for the punishment of the Hun, for unconditional surrender. Anti-Germanism has become their creed; Prussian militarism and the Kaiser have become part of their demonology; the German menace is a permanent fixture in their system, like Hell-fire.

These people are fundamentally illiterate. They do not know how to read a newspaper. History and the mechanism of politics and the forces that work in nations are sealed books to them. They know nothing of the past, either of the countries they favor or of those which they abhor. They can no more conceive of a democratic Germany or a militarized France than of God and Satan exchanging climates. Nothing but the shock of a new war with a new enemy will blast them out of their complacency. They are the last people whom America will civilize, and the last whom experience will chasten. I do not speak their language; I have no means of communicating with them.

I pass on to the neutrals—or, if you choose, the incorrigible irresponsibles. Their attitude can be summed up in a few words: "Yes, the French are carrying matters a little too far. But they are doing nothing that a victorious Germany would not have done. And besides, it is no business of ours."

I venture to guess that this is the majority attitude. Here is the voice of the great mass of pacific Americans. These are the rank and file who never wished to meddle in Europe, who fought when there was no other choice, but who never gave up their private conviction that Europe's feud was no affair of America's. They re-elected Wilson on an anti-war platform; but once the emergency had arisen they could not but be loyal citizens and stand behind their leader. In a passive kind of way they fell in, at first, at any rate,

with the Wilson program: "Nice speeches, all right. If you can put those ideas over, it will be splendid, old man. Anyhow it's good American stuff you're handing out. And it's a sure thing there's nothing else on God's earth for us to be fighting for." As time passed, they grew more and more sceptical about the lofty and rather high-brow ideals. The words were a tiny bit long for normal digestion, and some mighty fine people—folks who had been to college and that sort—weren't sure but that the ideas were a little wild. By the time the end came they had lost count altogether, so that they barely asked themselves whether the President had got away with it or not. They were glad the business was over. Now that leaving the world to stew in its own juice was once again as good Americanism as saving it for democracy had been the year before, they who had felt that way all along were naturally not going to lose any time getting home.

It is to these people that the present book is in the first instance addressed. They are something more than the majority; they are Americans. They did not go to war to make Germany safe for French militarists. They did not squander their treasure and their blood so that one group of European imperialists might sit on the heads of another group. They fought for the ideals of their country—for a peace of justice, for the destruction of militarism and the doctrine that might makes right, for the right of men and nations everywhere to live their lives in security and freedom

—in a word, for the Americanization of the world. Only they seemed to have forgot what they started out to get. Therefore I propose to remind them, before I go much further, by submitting one or two propositions and asking one or two questions:

Fellow citizens, you say that a German victory would not have been any better than what we've got. You are mistaken. It would have been pretty considerably worse. I know it, and the Germans know it. Very nice German gentlemen, not at all Hunnish ones, you know, have said to me: "Do you suppose that if we had won the war we would have listened to French pleas and evasions the way they listen to ours?" The German Junkers were not the amateurs their brethren across the Rhine are; and they were not obliged to throw any sops to moralizing allies. However, let us not split hairs, nor strain our eyesight trying to distinguish shades of black. The point I want to get at is this: The defense you are offering is about what the French themselves are tendering. I cannot blame the French. It is this culmination that they fought the war for. But you did not fight for anything of the kind. You joined in the mêlée to make an end of this sort of thing altogether. Now if this is all it has come to, where was the good of stirring yourself all up over the wickedness of Prussian militarism and chasing an honest soldier from a throne to a cottage in Holland? If all you have got is bugaboo under another flag, was it worth while to bury thousands of young Americans in French graves, and pay high taxes for the rest of your life?

I know what you are going to tell me. I have heard the answer before: "Well, we hoped it would be better. But Europe is incorrigible." I beg to differ with you

again. Europe might not have been so hopeless if you had not gone in and mussed matters up, and then quit before you were half through. A German victory was not the sole alternative to the result we got. Do you recall something President Wilson once said about a peace without victory? Has it ever occurred to you that the things you fought for were hardly to be attained by any other conclusion, and that the way to have secured an even break was either to keep your hands off, or once you did meddle, to keep your head on?

But I'll come back to that later. What intrigues me for the moment is that phrase about the present woe of Europe being no business of ours. I understand very well your natural reluctance to stay permanently entangled. You don't want to be in Europe for ever. Neither do I. But can't you see that you *are* entangled? You've started something? That crusade of yours of 1917 has involved you in responsibilities, which as a man of sense and honor you cannot lightly throw off. You've won the victory for your allies, you say. True enough. But that was not what you went in for, entirely. That was merely a clearing of the decks to enable you to set about your real job, which was to make the world a better place to live in. You delude yourself when you think that you're out of Europe. It is only your feet you have disentangled; your plighted word, the good name of your country, are still sticking in the mire. If you had really finished what you undertook, there would be no need of your staying on, not even in a league.

How can you, a law-abiding citizen and a member of the church, talk about Europe being no affair of America's? During the war, if I recall rightly, you held the German people responsible for what their

war lord did—those German people, mind you, who were, as you contended, subjects of an autocracy. You are a free citizen in a republic. You stood behind the President, didn't you? Your President promised the world in general, and the German people in particular, that the war would end in a permanent and a just peace. On the strength of that promise, largely, the allied nations continued the war; and on the strength of it, also, the German people drove out their war party and laid down their arms. Has Europe got a permanent peace? Has Germany got a just peace? Have the promises of America's leaders been kept? Are you responsible, or aren't you?

Finally, there are the friends of the League of Nations. These people are neither ignorant nor irresponsible. They are keenly alive to America's unfinished task in the world, to the unredeemed honor of this nation, to its heavy share of guilt in the present collapse of civilization. They are indefatigably laboring to waken America to her duty. They are the last sad remnant of American internationalism. America has produced no more intelligent and devoted patriots in this war. They knew the true interests of this country in the European disorder, they believed in the ideals for which America fought, they stood loyally to the end by the nation's chosen leader.

They still stand by him; and that is my *casus belli* with them. They are too consistent. They resemble too much the hang-over super-patriots. These latter cannot free themselves of the association between Germany and militarism. "A German," they keep on

mechanically repeating, "is a Hun, no matter by what name he calls his government." The internationalists go on for ever protesting that Wilson is the savior of the world, irrespective of the kind of settlement he connives in. The anti-Germans have demonized the Kaiser; the internationalists have apotheosized the President. The fire-eaters go on being pro-ally long after the alliance has ceased to exist; the Wilsonites go on preaching adherence to the League of Nations when there is no league of nations. Both alike have been standing still since the armistice; both are imperturbably continuing the old war. The anti-Germans fought to help France, and still want to help her; the internationalists entered the war to pull Europe out of the quicksands, and they continue in the same strain to this day. They are still altruists and crusaders. They are still living high up in the rarefied atmosphere of philanthropy. They are still talking in the terms of 1917, of disinterested service to mankind—which was pure nobility while we were neutrals, but comes perilously close to pharisaism at this hour of the day.

The American internationalists have made loyalty to their war-time ideals into a cult. Wilson has become to them a fetish and a legend. They seem unable to distinguish between the seer of war time and the derelict of the Paris Conference. They are as devoted to the impotent husk of Geneva as to the democratic federation of peoples which they once looked forward to. It is all in the name with them; the substance is immaterial. And they urge America to return to

Europe not to redeem the pledges she gave to the world at war, but to underwrite the infamous peace which has denied them.

There is the edifying spectacle of American opinion five years after the close of the Great War. At one end, a handful of petrified militarists, at the other, a fringe of fossilized internationalists, and between the two the nation—the hundred millions of complacent, self-justified crusaders who have forgot the ardent quests of their late youth and glory in the burnt-out craters of their idealism. Scarcely anywhere in all this wilderness is there a thin voice crying that America's duty in Europe is not toward Europe but toward herself, that her failure lies not in having withdrawn, but in not having withdrawn in time, that her responsibility in the shameful settlement lies not in having repudiated the treaties—which she did not do at all—but in the repudiation of her own ideals.

II

Meanwhile Europe is rotting.

Every now and again I read of people who return from a two months' study of conditions abroad to tell us that Europe is slowly but steadily recovering. I do not know where they get their data, or what key they employ in reading them. "European Conditions" —what can the words mean? An art dealer might very well run on to a boom in statuary. I can under-

stand that. Conditions in the art market may indeed be improving. But Europe is not an art market. I am not puzzled, though I may be sceptical, when a banker tells me that the financial outlook is brighter; or even when an economist reports that the situation is clearing up. But the problem of Europe to-day is not primarily financial, nor by any means wholly economic. Europe is a vast continent with several hundred million human beings; and these people have not merely stomachs to feed and senses to delight, but souls to save and children to rear. What, I keep wondering, are the conditions which an observer can in the space of sixty days discover to be improving in a teeming universe like that!

I have not found Europe recovering. After a sojourn of nearly three years in half a dozen countries, I have come away with a somewhat contrary picture.

I have a general impression as of a rich man come to beggary. One wanders through the neglected, still imposing estate. A foreground of gardens and well laid-out paths and promenades, with hints of granaries and work-shops beyond. Walls of masonry, weather-tinted and surmounted with graceful towers. Exquisite outbuildings and colonnades, summer pavilions and bowers made of creeper and roses. One can still feel the breath of gaiety that enlivened the place in the master's better days—the cheerful parties on the lawns, the bevies of romping children; at dusk the couples in the shaded walks, the never-ending arrival of proud

equipages. From near by the cheerful hum of the dependencies—the buzz and activity of forges and saw-mills, of peasants bringing in the harvest, and singing as they trudge along beside the laden caravans.

Within the palatial house, set back from the highway in dominating dignity, treasures of art and craft, brought together from distant lands by a long line of voyaging, somewhat covetous ancestors. Music. Fair ladies conversing with clever men. A company of cheerful, well-groomed, polite gentlefolk. Servants in livery, well trained, devoted, in good health and spirits, obviously well cared for.

And now—crumbling walls, windows shuttered and forbidding, the paths a wilderness of weeds—an air of dilapidation and desolation.

Nearly every nation which has been in the war is that once wealthy man. With one doubtful exception, all the late belligerent states are on the edge of bankruptcy; half of them have already stepped off into the void. There is scarcely a national budget in Europe that balances. The entire continent is living beyond its income, on imaginary assets, on borrowings against a troubled future. And how it is living! Public edifices are turning into more or less picturesque ruins as fast as if the war were still raging. Public highways, railways, institutions of every sort are falling into decay because the state's treasury is unable to meet the expense of upkeep, let alone expansion. The necessities of civilized life have entered the class of luxuries. Europe cannot afford the style it has got

used to. Europe, the spoilt child of mankind, is forced to save and patch and go without.

Public health has not been at such a low level since the Thirty Years' War. The greatest medical centre in the world is living from hand to mouth on the crumbs of foreign charity. I have visited noted hospitals where instruments have not been renewed in a decade, where medicaments were as scarce as patients were plentiful, where things like window-screens and refrigerators and electrical ovens were no more than memories. Cities which were once models of meticulous cleanliness cannot afford the staffs or the hygienic appliances to maintain their former standards, with the consequence that the population is growing indifferent and communal well-being is deteriorating. Research foundations, in victorious and defeated countries alike, are carrying on with reduced personnel because their sources of support are dried up, because men of science have been slaughtered and mutilated on the battlefields and because the trained and devoted young men necessary to replace them are lacking in post bellum Europe.

The class upon whom European civilization used chiefly to rest is rapidly disappearing. The new world cannot afford their leisurely costly services. They belonged to a peaceful, comfortable, well-established society. In an age of disorder and uncertainty they are the first to be sacrificed, exactly as the impoverished rich man begins by disposing of his jewels and piano. There are artists and professors, men of letters

and investigators, trained and talented men of every variety, who have not put a new garment on their backs in ten years, who have not had a civilized meal or a day of healthy recreation since the war began. The great cultivated society of educated people who once were their moral and material support—the smaller rentier, the higher state official, the lawyer, the doctor, the old-school business man—are themselves ruined. The new bourgeoisie is as yet too chaotic, too rude, to reach out for such things.

Europe? There is no Europe. Fragments and patches, nothing more. It is a puzzle picture of which the pieces have got hopelessly mixed, until no one but the Maker can ever effect a pattern again. I have memories of a barbed-wire tangle of frontiers, uniformed officials making day and night hideous for train passengers, a continuous searching of luggage and persons, passports being eternally stamped in dialects one never suspected the existence of. Here are great cities like Vienna left hanging in the air, there are busy ports like Fiume, cut off from their hinterlands; whole empires disjointed, new states scrambled up out of alien, mutually hostile fragments.

A new fanatical mania has seized the nations, a thirst for isolation and self-sufficiency, a fantastic straining to be Europe each by itself. Governments erect ever thicker, more impregnable customs walls, not to gain revenue or to protect young industries, but to stamp out commerce. A bold new political economy has arisen which makes no concessions to the gifts and

special aptitudes of men, or the distribution of materials in the earth and on its surface, or to the interdependence of countries. France wants to become Germany and still be France. Prague strives to be both Vienna and Prague. The North dreams it is the tropics. The Orient struts about as if it were the Occident. Each little country is determined to export all things and import nothing, to sell goods by ruining the purchasing power of its customers. The golden war-time vision of a federated Europe has turned into a nightmare of provincial separatism.

Trade, as the word was once understood, has virtually ceased to function. It is held fast in the vicious circle of the exchanges. The currencies owe their breakdown in large part to the attempt of officials to legislate for nature; and in their misery they retaliate to make the economic paralysis complete. The sound-money countries cannot sell because the soft-money countries cannot buy. The free markets are glutted with the products of the defeated nations, and the workers of the victorious powers are idle.

In an article I wrote two years ago, I said: "The total effect of East-Central Europe at this moment is as of a moderately well-to-do traveller with a great collection of trunks and bags. If he only had them all in his cabin with him, he could perhaps be fairly comfortable. But some of his luggage is in the hold, some of it got left at the pier, and the most essential portions of it never came away from home at all. The result is he cannot even make a decent toilet of a

morning." With very minor modifications the figure holds good for the entire continent.

And what of the teeming populations of this Europe? Poverty and disillusionment are working havoc in the stamina of the great race which once dominated the world. A decade of massacre and under-nourishment has blasted its physique; the continuing insecurity is undermining its moral poise. The ethic of escape is in possession of men and women of all social classes. Never, I think, has the spiritual tone of Christendom been at such a low level. Sex irregularity, commercial dishonesty, crass materialism are rampant. The communal esprit de corps has disappeared. Political indifferentism among the masses and corruption among the starving, under-paid officials are prevalent from sea to sea. There is faith in nothing, neither in God nor in man, neither in religion nor in science, neither in art nor in nature, neither in the established order nor in revolution. The moorings of civilization are severed, the bonds of society are in a state of dissolution. Economically and politically Europe is receding to the disintegration of the Middle Ages. Morally and spiritually it is retreating to the edge of the jungle. Each for himself and the devil take the lot of us, is the universal philosophy. Eat and drink what you can get to-day, be merry at all costs, for to-morrow, as sure as death, there comes another war. So Rome must have looked about the year 500 A.D.

I have looked out upon this chaos and desolation,

and asked myself where was the hope and the way out of such a wilderness in the heart of the world. And then I turned my eyes to the western fringe of the continent, and beheld unrepentant statesmen and journalists whetting fresh swords, and replied: But for an American miracle, there is no hope, there is no way.

It is this unchastened soul of the governing forces that makes the scene so dark. The disenchantment and the stagnation may be transitory, and surely they were not unexpected. Whatever the optimist who crusaded for a better world may have looked forward to, no one who knew anything of the history of wars had any illusions about what the immediate effects of the gigantic struggle were likely to be. The new world might indeed arise, but it would be kept waiting until the smoking wreckage of the old had been utterly burnt out and cleared away. To have expected the vast wealth squandered in destruction and the dislocation of four long years of non-production to be made good in a day was to prepare for disappointment. Yet the terrible truth is that even the economic and moral decadence are the product not so much of war as of the wretched peace that ended it.

And Europe is not merely rotting. It is smouldering, and tongues of flame burst forth periodically from every corner. I have lost count of the big and little wars which have brightened the general gloom since the autumn of 1918. I vaguely surmise they come close on to a score. But I do recall that two general

wars were very narrowly averted last summer alone. The unburied ghost of the late disorder still stalks abroad to infect the air of Europe. There are a dozen points of friction in three continents capable at any moment of enveloping the whole world in fire. If this were 1914, if the states were not impoverished and restrained by the pacific internationalism of Labor we should without a doubt have heard the drums ere this.

Cynics may retort that if the economic and moral ruin were inevitable, then surely the unrepentance of governments was no less so. Was there anything in the history of war to warrant the hope that a new spirit in the relations of peoples would be born from the most violent and embittered of all wars? The answer is that there was; and one of the ends I have in writing this book is to show that there were many things in the bases of the late struggle to justify the most optimistic expectations of internationalists.

This hasty sketch is a description of "conditions" not merely in the defeated countries, nor even in the erstwhile belligerent countries alone, but in three-fourths of Europe. If you try to trace the background of this deterioration you will be carried back to the barbarous settlement made in Paris four years ago, and thence to the war which preceded it. But that will be only the beginning of your research. Clearly civilization is in a state, because this is the morning after a dissolute spree. But what is ailing a God-

fearing citizen with respectable antecedents and a good education, and a large family, who every now and then goes off on disreputable debauches? What is the matter with Europe?

PART ONE
THE PERSPECTIVE OF EUROPE

Chapter I

The Capital and the Hinterlands

LET us before we examine the immediate causes of the world's present plight look at Europe in general, in its normal state.

The prevailing picture of Europe is of a confusion of races, a babel of tongues, a chaos of traditions, laws, customs and social attitudes. There is, according to this view, no coherence, no common bond of history, interest, or outlook, no unity. Each country is a thing in itself, inevitably, from the beginning, eternally. Every state represents a nation, and this nation has sprung out of the earth by spontaneous generation and bears no kinship to any other nation. Its frontiers are natural, like the atmospheric envelope around the earth. Countries, in a word, are as distinct as planets.

The picture is quite out of drawing. The facts in the case contradict it both going and coming. They reveal neither a checkerboard Europe nor monochrome nations. There is not a country either on the continent or on its adjacent islands which even approaches homogeneity in race, language or tradition. The plain truth is that the state has nothing whatever to do with

language; the nation is a thing apart from community of origin. If the unity of peoples depended on blood or speech, no country in Europe would hold together for a day. And, per contra, if the relations of states were determined by distant kinship and far-off common ancestry, wars would be as rare as duels and the brotherhood of man the governing principle of the world.

The typical European nation is not San Marino but Switzerland and Austria-Hungary. Racially Europe as a whole is more of a unit than are most of the nations in it. The English people are more closely related to the Dutch and the Normans who live under separate governments than to the Welsh who send delegates to Westminster. The French are much nearer in blood to the Teutons beyond the Rhine, with whom they are eternally at war, than to the Bretons and Basques who live within their frontiers. The Irishman of Belfast and the Irishman of Dublin, though they inhabit the same island and call themselves by the same name, are ethnically farther removed from one another than from certain peoples of the mainland. The Venetian is a closer relative to the German of Austria than to his fellow-Italian of Naples. If nationality is something natural like the family, there are few things more unnatural than the nation. If the frontiers of government must correspond to the frontiers of race, the United States of Europe is at least as logical as the United Kingdom.

And the brilliant diversification persists. What I

am talking about for the moment is not some discovery recently brought to light by skull-measurers or pottery students. You need but glance at the living tongues—the tongues, I mean, which are spoken within the precincts of independent and inviolable states. There is scarcely a single nation in Europe whose people habitually employ the same speech. I am not referring to dialects, which are but variants of the same grammatical and phonetic speech system, but to separate and distinct languages. In Germany, for instance—which is, racially considered, the nearest thing in existence to a homogeneous state—there are two well-defined tongues: the Low German of the Northwest spoken also by the Dutch and the Flemings of Belgium and in modified form by the Anglo-Saxon peoples; and the High German, which is the language of Austria, parts of Switzerland, Hungary and Rumania, as well as of the greater part of Germany proper. The case of France is more interesting yet. Her people regularly express themselves in at least five independent languages, only two of which are even of Romanic origin. The two idioms spoken in Scotland are as far apart as Spanish and Norwegian. The Czechs and the Slovaks may be of the same race—in which case they are hardly to be distinguished from the Ruthenians and the Little Russians—but they hardly can be said to speak the same language. And all these examples, pray observe, are taken from "natural" states. I do not even mention subject nationalities held against their will to an imperial allegiance, or such frankly artificial

communities as Belgium and Switzerland. The moral of the evidence would seem to be that if language is to serve as a basis for national determination Europe is not cut up half enough.

Costume and custom, diet and creed vary more widely between provinces than between countries. The lady of Vienna and her sister of Petrograd import their styles from the same foreign capital. But the housewife of the Pyrenees and her *concitoyenne* of the Vosges attired in their Sunday best would find one another a bit quaint. A marriage ceremony in East Prussia is as unlike one in Bavaria as two things could well be. A burial in Brittany has more resemblance to an interment in Tyrol than to one in Paris. Catholic Baden is politically affiliated with Protestant Berlin, and Catholic Normandy with atheist Paris.

These local variations may mean something, or they may mean nothing, as far as the naturalness of nations goes. They clearly have considerable bearing on the divisions of Europe. If a state made up of Celts and Teutons, Latins and Northmen, Turanians and Semites, is natural, then it is difficult to see why a state made up of Russians and Englishmen, Italians and Finns would be artificial. If Catholics and evangelists, Mohammedans and Jews and agnostics can hold together as one people, then it seems odd that a continent of Christians should be a warring camp. If there is solidarity in a nation like France, then there must be at least a pattern in the patch-quilt of Europe.

The truth is that from every point of view Europe has been essentially a single country these many centuries. I am not disposed to lay an excess of stress on the findings of ethnologists and philologists. They prove perhaps too much. They show beyond question that the races of Europe are one race, and their multitudinous languages the descendants of one mother tongue. But it is not necessary to trace the nations of Christendom back to their ancestral home in Central Asia in order to perceive their unity. It is enough to glance at them in historic times and at the present moment. For ages Europe has lived under a common religion, a common tradition and a common culture. The outward divisions were antiquated a thousand years ago; they have been maintained in defiance of the hopes and the best interests of the inhabitants. It is the existing separatism, not the federation of Europe, that is an artificial thing.

Christianity is not only a common bond between nations, reaching across political frontiers; in its beginnings it was a conscious attempt at world unification. Among its principal teachings are the doctrines of the brotherhood of man and the wickedness of war. It is, to be sure, open to question whether the church has kept before it this objective as steadily as its Founder intended, and it may be doubted whether (chiefly as a consequence of this failure) the faith has conserved its early hold upon the souls of men. Yet indirectly, through its spread of the Bible, its influence on the art and letters of the Occident, its contribution to the stock

of folk-lore and folk-ideas and folk-images, Christianity has been an inestimable force in the breaking down of particularism. Whether as a creed it be vital or nominal, Christianity remains and for a long time it will continue to be a powerful tradition making for unity.

Nor is religion the only tradition of internationalism in Europe. The civilization of Christendom is not predominantly Christian. It is a motley braid woven of many, and even discordant, strands. Paganism is the prevailing shade. Christian civilization is an arena in which Pan and Jehovah contend for mastery. In the intellectual and spiritual map of Europe Rome occupies at least as large a space as Jerusalem. And the pagan heritage is by no means wholly military. Christian pacifism and the Pax Romana had many things in common. The aims of the Cæsars, and the methods, too, were strikingly like those of the popes. Roman imperialism, like the Roman church, sought to bring the then known world to a consciousness of its unity. It failed in its purpose—just as its successor did—largely because of the way it went about it. But the incidental results went a long stretch toward accomplishing the things which the set program bungled. Roman roads, built by the legions as aids to conquest, became avenues of trade and peaceful inter-communication. Roman law continued to be the model for rulers and administrators long after the generals and proconsuls of the city empire had ceased to terrify anybody into obedience. The Latin language and Latin litera-

ture were for centuries the medium and the bond between the learned classes in all countries. More important yet, the culture and the creative and speculative genius of Athens, which the Roman conquerors and governors carried with them wherever they went, are shared in by the entire Occidental world. Christian civilization is chiefly distinguished as the heir of pagan Greece.

But if frontiers and nationalistic divisions were antiquated and meaningless in the Middle Ages, they have since the advent of the present age become utterly intolerable. If a thousand years ago the unity of Europe was a spiritual and cultural fact and the political recognition of it a fair ideal, internationalism has in our day become a plain business necessity. The rise of modern science, the application of mechanical power in industry and transportation, the development of new modes of communication, the extension of human wants to limits undreamed of by earlier generations, and the resulting expansion of production and of trade beyond the confines of national states—this radical transformation in the outward features and the pace of human life has very properly been described by historians as a revolution. And this industrial and commercial upheaval has made the nation as an economic entity completely impossible. It has converted the entire world into a single business corporation. It has rendered international warfare not merely criminal but suicidal.

A century and a half ago Europe was very consider-

ably more cut up than it is now. In 1789 there were in what is now Germany alone almost more separate states than there are to-day on the whole continent. It was, if you like, a mad arrangement; but it was endurable. In religion, in tradition, in culture, Europe was then as now one world. Certainly the consolidation of Germany and Italy were as desirable then as they became later. The mass of the inhabitants had neither an interest in the political and economic separatisms, nor anything but advantages to gain by unification. But, at least, a hundred and fifty years ago Europe was largely an agricultural community. What industries it had were primitive, domestic industries. Now an agricultural community—like, say, Bulgaria, or North Dakota, or Abyssinia—is relatively self-sufficing. It can afford, if it chooses, to engage in war. It may not be good economics, but it is not ruinous. It can survive the period of unproductiveness by eating up its capital, and when the pugnacious mood is past go back and resume its peaceful life where it left off, without serious dislocation. Producing as it does its own minimum necessities, it may by a lowering of the normal standard go on pretty much as before. It will, to be sure, have to economize, get on without imported conveniences and luxuries, and in general work harder and enjoy itself less. But at any rate it will manage to save itself from starvation and bankruptcy.

The industrial revolution has turned Europe into a huge city. What London is to Britain, what Paris is to France, Europe as a whole is to the rest of the

world. It is the capital continent. I am not now thinking of its artistic and cultural dominance. Rather do I have in mind its economic insecurity.

The city is at once the mistress and the dependent of the community. It is the centre of all activity. It has the markets. Communications converge in its railway depots, its warehouses, its banks. It is the administrator, the broker, the teacher, the priest. It guides and controls the rural hinterland. It determines fees and prices; it sets its own value on the services it renders. But with all that its position is a precarious one. It has no roots in the soil. It is artificial. Its services are not indispensable. It is a kind of parasite. It is an interloper, a late arrival in human affairs. Like man himself in nature, so the city in the economic scheme has by over-refinement of its faculties rendered itself so helpless that it must dominate creation in order to survive.

Europe has in the last century and a half turned itself into a factory, an office building, a seat of learning, an administrative centre. Broadly speaking, the entire continent together with the British Isles is no longer capable of self-support. It has paved its countryside, cut down its fruit trees, converted its farms into mines and railway yards. Its peasants' and artisans' sons have become the clerks and bookkeepers, the professors and investigators, the bankers and traders of mankind. It has lost the knack and the habit for natural toil: it has forgot how to sow and reap, how to bake and spin, how to husband live stock and

trap fur-bearing beasts. It cannot feed itself; it has not the substances for clothing or housing itself. It produces nothing but luxuries and second-line commodities. It can live only on fees and commissions and the stimulated wants of other people. Its own house is no longer spacious enough to accommodate its growing numbers. It has become the superman of the earth, and consequently it is exposed to the mercy of the primitive continents.

These changed conditions have not only made Europe into a single community; they have dried up the oceans and made the whole world one country. They have rendered political frontiers as antiquated as moats and blunderbusses, and the traditional relations between nations as intolerable as the robber barons would be. The hinterland continents are now to Europe what Normandy is to Paris, what Somersetshire is to London, what the agricultural countryside is to the capital city. Europe cannot work or prosper or as much as survive without unity and peace.

The urban community simply cannot afford the luxury of strife. Its complex organization, its delicate adjustments are too easily upset by war. Its very life depends on undisturbed communication between its parts and with the hinterlands. As long as its industries are kept going, and the highways of trade are open, and order and good will prevail, Europe the city thrives and even dominates the backward areas of the earth. But let war interrupt these normal relationships and the whole structure collapses. To begin with,

the elaborate machinery within the city is thrown out of gear. The specialized personnel are taken from their plants and offices and sent to the battlefields. The industrial and cultural processes, by which the community gets its living, are largely arrested. The energies of the civilian population are deflected into war tasks. In addition, if the period of disorder be at all prolonged, the accumulated stocks of capital and food and exchangeable goods are likely soon to be exhausted, with the consequence that the community will almost from the first be forced to borrow, and eventually it may be driven to bankruptcy. Not alone that. Not only has the city less to offer to the country in return for its food and raw materials; the hinterlands, too, by their participation in the struggle and by the excessive demands made upon their resources, have been unproductive. Their surplus has been reduced to a point where they have little to spare and where they cannot afford the luxuries offered them by the city.

Something of this sort has actually happened in Europe. On the one hand, trade with the hinterland continents of Asia, Africa, Australia and Latin-America is practically at a standstill. On the other hand, and even more strikingly, business within Europe has almost entirely broken down. A chasm has opened between city and country and between the producing and the non-producing classes. The peasant and the artisan and the worker at the more necessary trades have quickly recovered from the effects of the interruption. They have gone back to their customary labors and are rela-

tively prosperous. They have become to a degree not suspected in peace time what they in fact always were, the backbone of their respective countries. They are in a position to command a substantial price for their services and their produce. The ultimate city men—the teacher, the clerk, the administrator, the lawyer, the artist, the soldier, the hundred varieties of intermediary —have sunk into insignificance and into beggary. Forced to retrench, the community inevitably economizes on their services. The more vigorous members of these classes, and especially their youth, are being driven into the primary occupations. The whole superstructure of urban life—the educational, technical, artistic, administrative, coördinating mechanism—is falling into decay. Europe the capital is threatened with disintegration; "civilization" is on the path toward dissolution. Mankind is being pressed back to the primitive frontier—to agriculture, pasture and small industry. The process is farthest advanced in Russia, it is rapidly developing in Austria and Germany, and unless it is checked by some unforeseen counter-current, it is likely to overwhelm all Europe.

But I am digressing. The present state of civilization is an illustration of the disastrous consequences of disunion and disorder to a community of the kind that Europe by virtue of the industrial transformation has become. Christianity and the common heritage of Greece and Rome long ago made Europe spirtually and intellectually a unit. Modern applied science and modern communications and methods of production have

rendered economic federation a life-and-death necessity. Yet the old chaotic system with its frontiers and armaments and tariffs, its divisions and frictions and discords and periodic explosions in war, goes on as if nothing had happened since 1750. Statesmanship lags several centuries behind material evolution. And four hundred millions of European people tolerate—at times even ecstatically glory in—such a state of things.

What is the explanation? Is there an explanation?

Chapter II

The Haunted House

EUROPE is one world, one civilization, one country. But Europe is a haunted house. Christendom has a skeleton in its closet.

An imaginative writer with a knack for allegory might build an impressive romance on the theme. A great race of noble lineage, divinely gifted, heirs to splendid estates, to glorious traditions, to exquisite treasures. Men of fine stature and brilliant mind; men of sensitive nature and generous emotions. A family of poets and thinkers, of explorers and inventors, of leaders and organizers, the envy and admiration of their fellows. Yet a family doomed to futility and frustration, crossed in its purposes, held back from its destiny, paralyzed by an ancestral curse. An ancient specter stalks through the halls and courts of the lordly manor, the unburied ghost of some dim forbear, some sinful man who once dwelt in them. He walks abroad among the living, poisoning the air they breathe, striking madness and terror into their souls, dashing their hopes and aspirations, stirring them to murder and self-destruction.

Europe the fair, the noble, the learned; Europe the

mistress of the earth, the mother of races and civilizations, is suffering from an inherited malady. Her blood is infected. Her health is undermined. Her soul is disordered. Europe, I say; not Germany or Russia or Britain, but the whole continent with all its islands. The ghost of the past which oppresses her is of no nationality. It is, like her blood and her speech, her religion and her science, of no single country. It is her common inheritance, her common curse.

The malady of Europe is not, as some good people would have it, nationalism. Nationalism is no more a disease than an appendix is a disease. Nationality is but a link in the evolution of human association. It is in itself not only not contrary to the idea of European unity, it is in fact a stage in the progress toward internationalism. The nation is neither the beginning nor the end in the history of human organization. National patriotism was not the first form of group loyalty, and it is by no means the solitary form to-day. Many of the earlier loyalties survive without seriously conflicting either with the sentiment toward the fatherland or with the more recent solidarities. A man may be a loving son, a devoted father, a loyal alumnus, an enthusiastic Elk, a patriotic American and a most faithful Roman Catholic. There is no divided fealty about this, it is merely multiple allegiance.

Nationalism is in itself an entirely normal and healthy thing. It is the instinct for fellowship written large. It is an intensification of the social impulse, a broadening of the family group. This sense of belong-

ing begins with the primitive man, and is for a time confided to immediate kindred. Thence, under stress of economic or military necessity, it widens to include the clan, the tribe, the "land," the nation. In the simplest societies individuals are distinguished as the sons of their fathers. Later they come to be known by the symbols or totems or tartans of their tribe. Still later regional designations appear; and then, as coalescence progresses, all these distinctions lose their meaning, and men are no longer merely Thomson or Beaver or Brown or Carter, nor even Northerners or Southerners, Yorkshiremen or Bavarians or Venetians, but simply Englishmen, Germans, Italians. But the process does not end there. Forces similar to those which broadened the family into the nation work toward the federation of states. In point of fact, as I have already indicated, the European nation as a political entity has for at least a century and a half been a mere survival. The growth toward internationalism is arrested, not because nationalism is the final culmination in social organization, but because the spirit of European fellowship is perverted and poisoned by the evil inheritance of its past. If the soul of Europe were in health, the nation would long ago have assumed its proper place as a cultural and administrative unit within a continental state.

Nor is economic imperialism the malady which is gnawing at the vitals of the Old World. Modern wars may indeed be made by and for the benefit of capitalists and international banking syndicates. But

if that is so, then these groups are merely exploiting the disorder. The disorder itself is more venerable than capitalism. It dates back to the very childhood of civilization. Radicals and pacifists cry, "Look at the map of Africa!" Well, I am looking; and what I see is that it is a botchy copy of the map of Europe. I am also looking at the map of Asia and the Pacific. There the pattern is not quite so neat, but the idea is much the same. British India, French Indo-China, Russian Persia, German Kiao-Chow. Hongkong renamed Victoria. Even the Dutch are there. It is all quite true. Europe is tearing itself to tatters over the hinterlands. I know that the late war had more to do with this booty than with democracy and Kultur, or with Belgium and Serbia and the sacredness of treaties. But while my internationalist friends are probably right about the facts, they are quite certainly mistaken about the implications. They see that commercial groups are quarrelling over the division of the backward continents and they raise the alarm that capitalism is bleeding civilization to death, exactly as the radicals of a century ago cried that kings were the ultimate parents of war.

To begin with, the imperialism of the European states started long before the advent of the existing industrial order. Moreover, the adherence of the hinterlands is a vital necessity to the prosperity of Europe, capitalism or no capitalism. The imperialist is in his own blind way doing the work of the Lord. He is seeking to unify a divided world. He is endeavoring, in his own peculiar fashion, to bring inter-dependent

economic areas under a common governance. Imperialism is to-day what it always was—a makeshift for a voluntary society of nations. And as long as the capital continent continues to suffer from its ancient disorder, there is not likely to be any other way. The dethronement or sterilization of the kings has not solved the problem; it has, on the contrary, aggravated it. By giving the industrial revolution free rein, by its encouragement of *laisser-faire,* by speeding up the process of turning Europe into a factory, by popularizing education and raising the standard of living, democracy has made the city continent more dependent on the hinterlands than it ever was before. The consequence is that competition between states has been intensified and wars have become both chronic and world-wide.

It is something worth reflecting on that the very age which made a revolution in the world's economy threw the enthusiasm of its soul into the counter-current of political nationalism. The parodox, however, is only apparent. The industrial revolution could not endure without European unity; but federation must wait on national freedom. The silent forces of history drove the nineteenth century into the paths of democracy and the liberation of peoples, because these were the paths that led to European health and solidarity. Internationalism was conditioned upon the preliminary of nationalism.

But the process was arrested before it was half completed. Democracy did not continue to eliminate the organic disturbance from the body of Europe. Na-

tional liberation halted midway. Most of the subject peoples remained under foreign domination. Constitutionalism, instead of effecting a new order in the world, became merely a local matter. The new nationalism resisted federation more determinedly than the princes had done. And the captains of industry, more or less reluctantly, continued to make what they could of the well-tried makeshift of imperialism.

I may be obtuse, but I cannot see how the dethronement of the capitalist is going to mend matters. I do not perceive how any mere shifting of control in the system of production and distribution promises to bring either peace to Europe or sovereignty to Asia and Africa. As far as the essential problem goes, national socialism offers no more satisfactory solution than national capitalism. There is no magic virtue in collectivism per se. Were the co-operative commonwealth to be established to-morrow in every state in Europe, the map of the world would not register any change. I have grave doubts whether a Labor government in England would give independence to India. I rather suspect that the democratization of industry, if it did not come hand in hand with the internationalization of politics, would once again aggravate the situation. The prevailing faith of radicals in the generosity and pacific temper of the working masses is pure dogmatism. At the present moment, the labor groups are indeed the greatest force making for peace. But there is nothing inevitable about their internationalism. Give them a direct share in the proceeds of industry and therefore

a stake in economic imperialism, and you are not unlikely to increase friction both between nations and between continents.

Capitalists and militarists, munition rings and adventurers, may profit by wars and international friction. They may have, or think they have, a vested interest in particularism, and they may consciously endeavor to block unification. But their success is not due to their own efforts. The ultimate resource of world chaos is in the disordered mentality, in the diseased soul of the European peoples. The malady of Christendom might indeed have been cured long ago but for their ministrations, but they cannot justly be accused of having brought it about in the first instance.

The soul of Europe is haunted by the evil specter of its past. The air of Europe is charged with suspicion and fear, with mistrust and hatred. The mind of every people is scarred with bitter memories of invasions and devastations, of subjection and oppression. There is not a corner on the continent or on its islands which has not time and again been overrun by one or another of its neighbors. There is not a nation, great or small, whose lands have not been violated, its freedom extinguished, its pride humbled under the trampling feet of the conqueror. Nearly every nation has been both offender and victim. Frenchmen remember that in the past hundred and twenty-five years alone their country has been invaded five times by Germans; but Germans cannot forget Louis XIV and Napoleon. Englishmen may sing that "Britons never shall be slaves,"

but they know very well that their islands have been taken and held by Romans and Teutons, by Danes and Normans. Italy has been subject to Austria and France. Poland has been partitioned between Russia, Austria and Prussia. Rumania has been under the yoke of Turkey, Hungary and Russia. The curse is on all Europe.

It is this spirit of discord that stalks through the fair halls and courtyards of Europe. Its poison has filtered into every chamber of European life. It has soured and curdled its ideals and aspirations, its generous emotions, its loyalty and its human impulses. It has infected the instinct of fellowship and made nationalism a sickly craving for revenge and self-sufficiency. It has made every little people in Europe see in its neighbor across the frontier an enemy, a potential master and despoiler, a demon who will not let other people live their own lives as they choose. It has turned the souls of men in upon themselves, driven them back upon their past, intensified their sense of identity. The psychology of Europeans has come to resemble that of the Jews. It festers with complexes of persecution, with memories of insults, with fears of coercion.

In such an atmosphere co-operation and good will are stifled. The spirit of solidarity becomes itself perverted. Christianity, the religion of love and brotherhood, takes to militarism and imperialism, converts nations with the sword, hounds the unbeliever, and inspires the most violent of wars. International trade, which in its very nature binds peoples together, which

cannot thrive except in an environment of peace and mutual understanding, becomes in Europe the mainstay of the war parties. Natural science—the labor of quiet students in laboratories, the triumph of man's long struggle with the material world about him—is enlisted in the service of destruction. Socialism itself tends toward nationalistic separatism.

Yet let no one imagine that the Europeans are unaware of the malady which is devouring them, or that they consistently cherish the heritage which paralyzes them. In times of peace the mass of men and women tremblingly pray for some miracle that should lay the ancient ghost, make an end of the chaos. They know that their continent is a powder-house, that their own souls are poisoned, that the very love which they have for their country is the foe of their lives, their homes and their national existence. The aversion to militarism is, except for small groups, universal. A pathetic faith in cures and panaceas pervades all classes and countries. It is not alone the industrial worker who goes in for internationalism. The European labor parties are not strictly class organizations; their platforms are not confined to economic affairs. They include large numbers of men and women from all walks of life; they are in large measure concerned with world politics and world peace. Even the rural populations, who are generally conservative, grope for radical solutions. I have talked to peasants in the Balkans, and at the mention of war they crossed themselves and spat to right and left as if to cast out a demon.

All this is in time of peace. Let the dynamite be touched off, however, and your European instantly reverts. He responds, like a man suddenly awakened, to the call of the past. The inherited malady is again in his blood. The long-dreaded eruption, now that it has come, ceases to be a common misfortune. He does not heed the doctors, to whom he so recently looked for salvation; he calls them traitors, defeatists. He glories and rejoices in his affliction. He does not suggest to his neighbor across the frontier that they join forces to destroy a common foe. He does not regard his neighbor and himself as victims in a mutual calamity. The two glare at each other. Each sees in the other the incarnation of the old Evil.

But is it not an astonishing thing that, with the mass of men yearning for peace, wars can come at all?

Chapter III

Autocratic Europe

THE answer to the question posed at the end of the preceding chapter is that Europe is not a self-governing community. The people have no voice in its conduct. The king may be deposed, or impotent; but the principle, the guiding spirit, of the European state is, as it has always been, monarchical. The multitude of revolutions, the impressive triumph of democracy, has altered nothing in the constitution of the continent.

It is necessary to bring this strange fact very clearly before the minds of Americans. Their own political experience will not enable them to grasp it. The American government is essentially a business organization. It is, so to speak, a committee appointed by the nation to transact its common affairs. Its functions are almost entirely exercised within the country. Its principal agents are the home departments—the Interior, the police, the Post Office, defense, commerce, and so on. Our foreign office is the least in public attention—or was, at any rate, until 1914.

This is the state in its legitimate, its healthy, unperverted form. It is the republic in the original mean-

ing of the word—in the primitive phase, if you like. There is no such government in Europe.

We have no more liberty than the English. There is as much equality in France as there is in the United States. Democracy within the country is as real in many European monarchies as in the American republic. There was more of it in Germany and in Austria—and even in Tsarist Russia—than we were in the habit of supposing. But the European state may proclaim liberty, equality and fraternity to its own citizens till it is blue in the face, and still be a violent and irresponsible autocracy. Its relations to its own people are not what the European government exists for. Its pivotal department is its foreign office. It is by the character and activities of this department that its nature must be judged. To take its measure by any other standard, is to court bewilderment and land in confusion. And, judged by its foreign relations, the European state is essentially a predatory organization.

One needs but glance at the great statesmen on the two continents. The great Americans—Hamilton, Washington, Lincoln, even Wilson—were all home men. They created the Union, preserved it, gave it its constitution, promoted legislation toward the solution of some great problem. There is not a pre-eminent figure in American history whose name is primarily associated with foreign relations. There are of course reasons for this. It does not at all mean that we are international saints. We are merely luckier than the Europeans. We are the nearest thing in existence to a

self-sufficient state. Our country is capital and hinterland all in one. We have come into an empire without resort to imperialism. California and Florida are our Africa; Pennsylvania and Colorado are our Asia. But the fact remains that a tradition has grown up in America which is different. I am not at all sure that it will last. A real foreign office is now on the make in the United States. But look at the European statesmen: Talleyrand and Metternich, Thiers and Bismarck, Cavour and Disraeli—all foreign office men.

Considered from this central point of view, no European great power government is democratic—no matter whether it is called an autocracy, a limited monarchy, a crowned republic or a democracy. The foreign office of France is like the foreign office of the Tsar—it is at once irresponsible and crucial, at once the main control-switch in the public affairs of the nation and beyond control by the nation. All other departments work more or less in the open—at least in the so-called democracies they do—they are accountable to parliament, their policies and activities are reported in the press. The foreign office carries on in secret; it is enveloped in a heavy pall of mystery and supernatural sacredness. No one dares ask what it is doing; it is bound to no one to answer for its policies. It can plunge a whole nation or a whole world into the agonies and perils of war without warning or explanation.

It is these formidable "chancelleries" of Europe that in the last analysis constitute government in the Old World. Taken together, they are the one real power

on the continent and in a large part of the world. The rest—the home departments—may be democratic, or monarchical, or tagged with any label you please—it is of no consequence. It is merely local government, in a class with the state governments of the United States. The foreign offices taken together are the senate, the privy council, the ultimate government. They concentrate in their secret and irresponsible hands —and it is secrecy and irresponsibility that make autocracy—the vital interests of nations—the ultimate power over the liberty and prosperity, the lives and destinies of hundreds of millions of peaceful, unoffending people.

The French may glory and strut over their republican liberty, equality and fraternity; the English may pride themselves on their freedom and democracy; the Germans may point to their large socialist delegations in the Reichstag and their admirable achievements in social legislation. When all is said and done they are none of them free peoples. The differences between one state and another are trifling and irrelevant. In Germany education may be compulsory, and in Russia it may be prohibited; but in both countries alike, a small invisible clique in frock-coats and top-hats can, when they choose—and for reasons that the masses of the people do not understand and do not even as much as know—send the barefooted illiterate peasant and the spectacled university student to their death. In the French Republic, the king is dead, and in the German autocracy Fritz may be jailed for lèse majesté; but

the people of France are not a whit less under the thumb and heel of tyrants that play with human lives as with cards, than those of Germany. Of what use is it to the English miner or shopkeeper to be represented in parliament by a member who may vote on budgets and even on battleships when he is perfectly helpless in controlling the foreign secretary in his terrible power over peace and war? As long as the plain man in Europe has not the right to say whether his country shall or shall not kill him on foreign battlefields—or at least to call the official to account who is charged with that power—it is idle to talk of democracy.

The foreign office is not answerable to the public. Its justification is in "results"—in the booty it brings home from the wars it precipitates. The people and parliament can only pass upon its service or disservice to the nation after the mischief is done. If the adventure proves disastrous, there may be a shake-up (as in France after 1870 or in Germany in 1919), there may even be a revolution, as in Russia in 1917. But if a war is—or appears to be—successful, then the foreign office consolidates its power and fastens its grip on the nation more firmly than ever. In that case the patriots and the groups who fatten on war drown the memory of the bloodshed and misery of the people in the hurrahs of victory. The war has justified itself. The diplomat becomes the hero and the savior of his country.

The European democrat who fights the despotism of the foreign office is always met with the challenge that

open diplomacy if attempted would daily endanger the peace of the world. The defense points to a multitude of "incidents" which passed off quietly without resort to arms because they were not allowed to escape from the privacy and cool temperature of the chancelleries into the excitable atmosphere of the public square. Doubtless there is much to be said for this argument. A part of the press of modern countries and certain groups of patriots are more inflammable and more pugnacious than the chancelleries themselves. But the defense is nevertheless mock-innocent, because the public as a whole in all countries is temperamentally disposed in favor of peace. It becomes inflammable only when the press and the professional patriots inflame it. And the press and the patriots themselves are obediently in the hands of the foreign office. If the latter wants war it sicks them on; if it has reason to fear disaster by war, it shuts them up even if the incident has leaked out. The argument thus turns against secret diplomacy. For if foreign affairs were conducted in the open with the decency and fairness and calmness customary in other human relations, they would usually be adjusted before they reached that point of irritation and infection which makes war the only way out. It is quite true that as the business is actually carried on, once a diplomatic "incident" becomes public, it generally means war. But the reason why that is so is because foreign negotiations only reach the man on the street after the diplomatic phase is passed—when the foreign offices have failed to reach

adjustment, have thrown up the sponge, and helplessly decided to touch off the gunpowder and let the nations fly at each other's throats.

The fact is that secret diplomacy becomes at a certain stage open diplomacy. It become public when the chancelleries see fit to make it so. The diplomats let the public in after they have cooked up a *fait accompli*—at the point, in other words, when a resort to arms has become inevitable. But prior to that point, there were weeks, or months, of argument and mutual bullying and sabre-rattling. And the incident more than likely started with some trifling breach of etiquette or some insignificant error, such things as happen in business every day—a legation secretary's failure to acknowledge an invitation, a tipsy lieutenant's hot-headed insult to another tipsy lieutenant. If common sense and common decency had been allowed to play their part, if the affair had been given to the public while it was still cool and trifling, it would in all but one case in a hundred have evaporated in sane discussion. It would never have got tangled up with the whole muddle of previous incidents and smarting memories of defeat or bumptious memories of victory and bad blood, with which the air of the chancelleries is reeking. The common sense of common men would have laughed the idea of going to war about it out of court.

That, I suppose, is why no diplomatic incident is submitted to the nation while it is still healthy. Incidents are the stock in trade of diplomacy. The foreign office accumulates them, treasures them up, inoculates

them with all the germs of pride and conceit and bugaboo, nurses them into horrendous menaces, until the original trifle is quite lost sight of. I am not sure how much of this insanity is deliberate villainy. I only know that a larger part of it is clumsy ineptitude and stupidity. A tradition hangs around these chambers which stifles the spirit of accommodation. The questions that arise between nations—even the differences and disputes that come up—are after all not so very unlike those that develop between individuals and corporations. But the method of handling them is like nothing else in human relations. Negotiation, as the word is commonly understood, simply does not exist. Between ordinary parties the adjustment of a difference is guided by long-established principle and precedent, by the tradition (not so much the fear) of law, above all by a sense of fairness on the part of the disputants and a mutual desire to agree and to avoid litigation. The parties as a rule bring a certain amount of good will into the proceedings, a feeling that justice is, in varying degrees on both sides, a readiness to compromise.

Between European statesmen there is nothing of this spirit of adjustment. There is no law. What is euphemistically called international law is a body of enactments designed not to facilitate agreement or to adjudicate disputes, but merely to temper the harshness of anarchy, and even this rather feeble minimum neither party is obliged to respect. The disputants contend in an arena, with force always in the background. They

invariably come to the conference room (to quote the Kaiser's vivid phrase) "in shining armor" just as thugs go to a party with razors in their pockets. The justice or rightness of the case does not enter into the business. The proceedings are conducted with loaded pistols, as it were, on the table. Each side carries a chip on its shoulder from the start. The parties face each other like fighting cocks. They hop and fly about. They manœuvre for position, not for common ground. They take on a formidable air of dignity, and utter many grave words about national honor, legitimate interests, ancient aspirations, manifest destiny and much more besides. The one thing both sides dread and seek by all means to avoid is mutual forbearance. To show a disposition for adjustment, a willingness to listen to the other side, a temper of reasonableness, is fatal. To yield a point in the dispute is somehow to compromise the national cause, to display weakness, to lose the game, to lay oneself open to disaster. Negotiation between chancelleries is forever a prelude to war. In its tone and method it is war. Therefore its objective is not understanding or adjustment, but victory at all costs, regardless of the right and wrong of the case.

With this vestigial autocracy in the saddle, freedom and security in Europe are meaningless words. The states go prowling about on the highways with daggers under their cloaks, and the lives of nations are as unsafe to-day as the life of the individual was in the Middle Ages. In the old days the subject was in danger

of being imprisoned by the king without due process of law, or shot down in his own village by some sport-loving young nobleman. Now the king has been guillotined or reduced to a decorative capacity by constitutions, and the aristocracy exiled or put to work, the nations breathe freely at home. But divine right lives on in the chancelleries. The sovereign citizen is as always in peril of death on the battlefield; his house may still be burned and his cow requisitioned in wars, which, if his opinion were solicited in advance, he would deem worse than irrelevant. In the old days provinces and cities were kept separated from their neighbors because the local dukes and princes must preserve sovereignty over their dominions. To-day all Europe is kept divided and in turmoil, not because the interests or the desires of the peoples so dictate, but because a federated Europe would involve the abolition of foreign offices and diplomats.

Why, then—the outsider might ask—why, then, do not the democracies which beheaded kings at least exile or sterilize diplomats? Foreign affairs are after all not so radically different from home affairs. Why should not ambassadors be elected as prosecuting attorneys are? The democracies do not seem to think it can be done. The same clerk or peasant who never doubts his qualifications to choose a board of education or a city engineer, is completely flustered at the suggestion that he should exercise control over foreign secretaries. He stares in utter terror at the very audacity of the idea. In his mind international relations

are a kind of priestly mystery. Universal peace? Nations conducting themselves in accordance with ordinary morals? It is unheard of. It will never be. It is too fantastic, utopian.

The monopolists and the concessionaires have a tougher stomach. The Comité de Forges does not deem it fantastic that two nations made up principally of farmers and clerks and laborers should murder each other for the sake of deciding whether the French or the German industrialists should exploit the coal mines and the foundries of Westphalia. The little group of adventurers and speculators in North Africa find nothing utopian in the proposition that a whole people should pay the cost in money and blood and dishonor necessary to destroy the independence of Morocco, or even that a whole continent should go to war about it.

Foreign affairs will, like any other branch of government business, be influenced by those groups in the community who have a sufficient interest to take the bother of shaping them. It happens that industrialists, financiers, international tradesmen, armament makers and adventurers have such an interest. Therefore they organize themselves into navy leagues and security societies, purchase newspapers and invite diplomats to dinner. In the eighteenth century the peasant and the artisan did not think it was any business of theirs what government did at all. When they woke up to the realization that their prosperity was involved, they forced their rulers to give them constitutions or to quit governing. And when the common man in

Europe wakes up to the fact that his foreign office has the power to burn his house and kill his son, he will demand that diplomats do his bidding instead of that of the minorities who now control them. Diplomats are not likely to be less amenable to reason and a show of power than kings were. When that day comes Europe will have at least as much democracy as America has.

Chapter IV

The Malady in Epidemic Eruption

THE mental state of the European peoples has produced a vicious circle in their inter-relations. Wars have assumed a serial character. They interlock like links in a chain. One quarrel leads to another in the nature of the thing, by a sort of fatality.

What complicates the situation in our times is the changed theatre in which these traditional performances are enacted. The heritage has ceased to jibe with the environment. The nations are struggling with their faces turned backward, for things which are no longer attainable. The hungering souls of plain men, distrustful of alien power, afraid of domination, yearning to live their own lives, go to battle to obtain independence or to preserve it, in a world where independence is but a figment. The sentiments for which nations submit to maiming and death have become a mere pretext in the hands of statesmen, at best a motive force driving toward ends unknown to those who generate it.

Let us examine the process in action. We will take the typical instance—a war of liberation. As I shall presently show, European wars are, for one side or the other, always wars of liberation. For generations

there have been irritation and bullying and resistance and repression. And now the aggrieved nationality is at war with its oppressor. The conclusion was forced upon it that only by open combat and complete separation would it secure justice and fair treatment. For the other side, the struggle is for law and the sacredness of things established, and incidentally to keep possessions. As the battle progresses, violence and mutual recrimination and bitterness rise to such a pitch that any hope for mutual reasonableness at the conclusion quite vanishes. Finally hostilities cease. Either by diplomatic skill or military superiority, or by those imponderables which work on the side of a good cause, or by sheer luck, the under dog carries the day.

Now remember that what he started out to get was justice—to be rid of foreign domination. But now the victory is his, and the enemy prostrate, and the people at home aroused to nationalistic frenzy, and the sympathy of the world won to his side, he suddenly realizes (what the merest internationalist freshman could have told him in advance) that the original program is preposterously inadequate. Justice is but an abstract idea; national freedom is only a phrase. They mean nothing whatever in application to the real problem which confronts the victor.

Doubtless he was quite sincere in stating his aims as he did during the war. In the last analysis he still means what he then said. His primary object is now, as before, to unite the racial and linguistic group under a common allegiance of their own. But concretely that

is impossible. It is an academic aspiration. This racial group made their home in the country where they now are thousands of years ago, before modern industry and modern communications were ever dreamt of. The territory they inhabit has no outlet to the sea. The nearest ports are all many miles away, in the hands of people who can by no stretch be said to be of the same nationality as the liberated group. Moreover, the new commonwealth raises, let us say, hogs in great quantity for pork, but the necessary salt mines are again in the enemy country. It has industries, but if the principle of nationality is to be rigidly observed, it will have no coal to operate them with. The main railroad of the proposed new state runs in part through the enemy's territory. Besides, owing to a complicated chain of historical accidents, the group in question is exposed on one side or on all sides to easy invasion. It has no natural frontiers—mountains, rivers, buffer states or the sea.

For some or all of these reasons it becomes an absolute national necessity to modify the original objectives, to extend the projected frontiers so as to make the new commonwealth as nearly as possible secure and self-sufficing. And that involves annexation of foreign lands and foreign people; corridors to the sea, strategic frontiers, maybe even colonial possessions—an imperialistic map. With the spirit created by the war still rampant, with the enemy in no position to raise effective protest, with a time-honored vocabulary of useful phrases such as "historic claims," "national aspira-

tions," and the like, the task is not hard to accomplish. What is more important, there is really nothing else to do. Organizing a state these times in accordance with the principle of nationality is to prepare for suicide in advance.

Of course, there is another way out of the bag's end. It is to make peace, not to consolidate victory. It is to conciliate the enemy, exploit his disasters in the cause of mutual understanding, and continue the old partnership on a new basis of reciprocal justice and forbearance. For the reason why the new state cannot set up its own home without burning down that of its neighbor, is that the old imperial trust was really a logical and natural union. It was industrially, economically and geographically a unit. Whatever infamous and dishonorable and violent methods it may have employed in attaining that well-knit self-sufficiency, the forces that drove it to its annexations, its extinction of peoples, its military terrorism, were fundamentally natural forces. To cut the empire up into its component fragments now is to commit political and economic murder on a living organism. Therefore the rational solution would seem to be to stay in the old union, not as hitherto an oppressed and exploited subject nationality, but as a free people, autonomous in its own cultural religious and local governmental life, but united with the rest as a full equal partner in a business concern.

But where is the statesman who with victory and all its attendant assets in his hand has the brains or the guts to adopt such a course? It has never been done.

It would be a revolutionary departure from the beaten path. It might be a confession of weakness before the old enemy. It might constitute a betrayal of allies or of some other power behind the scenes whose support, for motives of his own, made victory possible. It might even lead to a new and more general war. With the new nation in its present war-fevered victorious temper, it would almost certainly involve the leaders in personal disaster. The enemy himself might misunderstand such a move. The whole thing goes against precedent, against diplomatic good taste, against the entire wretched tradition of European politics.

So—the victory becomes the usual European victory, with the usual European settlement. The conqueror takes what he needs and what he can. He makes sure of national self-sufficiency. He goes out for security. He takes enemies into his own house—resentful, disruptive forces. He draws natural frontiers. In a word, he sees to it that the peace shall be but a breathing spell, a pause in preparation for the next war, in which the rolls will be exactly reversed—the revenge and liberation on the sides of the late imperial bully, the defense of an indefensible status quo on the side of the late heroes.

The late war was, in its roots, no departure from the type. On the contrary, it was the supreme example, the ancient disorder in epidemic outbreak.

It is irrelevant to my purpose here to join in the interminable discussion as to just which power or combination was the immediate aggressor. The question

is, from my angle of approach, beside the point. The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that in the European system immediate causes are incidental and of small moment. With the dynamite planted in the bowels of an entire continent, with the embers of national passion smouldering in every corner, the time when explosions shall occur is only a matter of convenience for those who hold the bellows. Wars in Europe are, in the nature of its history and political organization, inevitable. Whether they should be let loose to-day or to-morrow lies purely with the prospective antagonists.

Doubtless, in July, 1914, the Kaiser and his advisers thought they were ready. If they had deemed the moment inauspicious they would have buried the Archduke quietly and prevented his uncle's foreign office from dispatching that silly ultimatum to Serbia. At the time of the Agadir crisis, the situation seemed unpromising; therefore they conducted themselves like good Christians. But, by similar reasoning, Russia and her allies, too, seemed to believe that the kind fates were on their side in '14. It takes two to make a war, even in Europe. If the French had foreseen defeat they would have persuaded the Tsar to let Austria have her way with Belgrade, just as in 1906 they threw Delcassé to the Germans. If Sir Edward Grey had not regarded the assassination in Serajevo a convenient occasion for putting the German navy in its place, he would have spoken up to the Kaiser, exactly as he had done in 1911, and in all probability with

equally good results. Between 1906 and 1914 there were no fewer than half a dozen crises capable of producing a general war. They passed off more or less quietly because one side or the other regarded the risks as too great.

Therefore, while I am quite prepared to raise no objections to the current dogma that Berlin struck the fatal match in 1914, I hold the doctrine that the Germans set the powder-barrel itself in place as too contemptible for discussion.

The Great War ran true to form in that it was for nearly all the powers engaged a war of liberation. France took up the challenge in order to make an end of the intolerable arrogance of the victors of 1870-71. The Italians saw in it an opportunity for completing their unification. The Serbs fought to free their kin on the Adriatic. Britain took up arms to repulse aggression in her Eastern dominions and against her predominance on the seas. Austro-Hungary could no longer put up with the agitation directed against her very life from Belgrade. Even Russia saw herself constrained to make war in the cause of Slav solidarity. Last but by no means least Germany must free herself from the baffling encirclement of her foes.

The position of Germany in Europe deserves in this connection a word of comment, both because of its intrinsic interest and particularly on account of the way it has been befogged by propaganda. Britain alone excepted, the German Empire was the most industrialized community in the world; it was the most urban

portion of the capital continent. For half a century Germany has been in no position to feed her own people. Moreover, the Germans are, next to the Italians, the most prolific race in Europe. Owing to these two factors, Germany is utterly dependent on the hinterland continents for her development and continued prosperity. But thanks to the delay in her unification, Germany found herself balked in her attempts at expansion by great empires which had arrived on the scene before her. The rural world had been divided up during the period while she was struggling for unity. Nations like Holland and Portugal, which could not begin to compare with her in population or industrial importance, had got their share. She alone was confined within her narrow European borders. Now if Europe had been a united community, if nations had enjoyed the same freedom of opportunity to make the most of their talents and diligence as individuals enjoy in free states, there would have been nothing intolerable about Germany's situation and no menace in her growth for other peoples. But with the thug tradition prevailing in Christendom, there was nothing for the new power to do but to resort to force and threats; with the consequence that one of the largest—and, I am fairly convinced, one of the most peace-loving—peoples in Europe submitted to militarism as a means of securing equality. All the policies of imperial Germany, made familiar to us during the war in such phrases as "World power or downfall," "Drang nach Osten," "Germany's place in the sun,"

were the consequence of her determination to make good what she had missed by her late unification, and her conviction that force alone could secure them for her.

But if the war was for the states a war for liberation from the menace of their enemies, it was for Europe as a whole a struggle for liberation from her ancient specter. Each nation saw in its opponents the embodiment of that evil inheritance which had so long kept civilization from its destiny. Never before had governments felt so impelling a need for winning over their own peoples. In no previous war had statesmen assumed a defensive attitude, and endeavored to fasten the guilt for breaking the peace on the foe. The British people were not the only ones who went in in defense of treaties and the rights of small nations. In all countries the mass of the population subordinated national interest to a vaguely sensed common danger and common hope. Never before had there been so many people who kept their heads and resisted hysteria. Even in Germany and in Russia the official propaganda was constrained to make concessions to this stirring Europeanism, to paint the adversary as a menace not merely to the particular country but to order and civilization and peace, to hold out promises of future liberalism.

This emerging internationalism went on gaining momentum and self-consciousness as the struggle developed. After all this was the first general war since the coming of the industrial revolution. It began

to look as if the nations at least, if not their rulers, had perceived that the vast changes wrought in their world in the last century had some bearing on their political order. Apparently, too, the long socialist agitation and the bourgeois pacifist movement had not altogther failed to leave their impress. Before the war had passed its first phase the internationalist elements and the labor and social democratic parties had come to themselves again. And in the third year the response to the American program and the outbreak of revolution in Russia showed unmistakably that Europe meant to hold its statesmen strictly to their word—that the Great War should be the last war.

PART TWO
AMERICA TO THE RESCUE

America to the Rescue

This portion of my study is dedicated to the enlightenment of the Europeans. Our own people have forgot, but the people of the Old World have never found out how the war was conducted in America. Therefore the history of the past four and a half years has remained a painful puzzle to those who had looked to the great nation beyond the seas to lift Europe safely and finally out of the quicksands which were engulfing her. In all the comments written abroad which I have seen, from Mr. Keynes's down, the breakdown of American leadership at Paris is attributed, with more or less caustic criticism, to President Wilson. Nowhere seems there to be anything like a just appreciation of the part played by the people of the United States in bringing about the disintegration of our leadership in the councils of the world. And I have hitherto come across no adequate analysis from an American's pen to set our foreign kin straight.

Chapter V

A New Europe

BEYOND the Atlantic Ocean lay another Europe, a people in race, religion, traditions and destiny, a duplicate of the old continent. It was not a nation, except technically; it was not a league of states, except in origin; it was not a federation of peoples, or of parts of peoples. It was mankind reintegrated, the world on a new tack. America sent envoys to European courts; she had a national flag and a national anthem, even an army of a sort; she dabbled in diplomacy, politely interested herself in the game of power politics, after the fashion of a Polar explorer at a lawn party. The small talk and the card shuffling and the excited bidding did not hold her interest. Her heart and her thoughts were elsewhere engaged. She was moving in another age, almost on another planet.

America was a new departure in the political affairs of the human race. That was her great distinction from Europe, and that alone. In internal organization she closely resembled the federal states of the Old World. Her governmental institutions, her forms

of law, her political democracy were but borrowings from the ancestral lands, modified in a measure, improved in detail, in many directions markedly out of step with the advance of the times. These resemblances and differences were accidental, immaterial. What made America the New World was her breakaway from the European system of nationalistic exclusiveness and dissension. It was a conscious resolve, a spiritual revolution. It had begun with the first emigrants who had shipped to her distant shores; it continued to the latest comer. The political uprising of 1775 had been but a confirmation, a public avowal of her conversion to a new faith.

America was the new Europe. On her virgin soil the ancient feud with its suspicions and fears and disasters was liquidated. She was the Continent of Refuge where the race of Europe made a new start, where men and women shed the swaddles of nationality, ceased to be the pawns of states, and became simply people. She had left behind her the class idea of descent; she had got rid as well of the racial notion of blood. She had contrived by a beneficent therapy of fresh air and freedom to cure the inherited malady of Europe—to abolish the foreigner. What, in the Old World, was an aspiration of poets and dreamers and internationalists, had become an organic function of the American polity. The foreigner, no sooner landed, voluntarily, eagerly abolished himself. America did not bludgeon or annex him; she quietly co-operated with him in neutralizing and assimilating him. He

cheerfully surrendered to her ministrations as a patient submits to a gentle nurse.

Nothing like this free-will conversion had ever been known in the world. The great religions had been obliged to resort to coercion, and had sacrificed the spirit to a vocal acquiescence. Rome and Austria, after centuries of earnest endeavor, collapsed like a house of cards. It was nothing short of a miracle: the Old World had made a science of denationalization, and the net result of its treatment had been to make nationalism into a psychic disorder. America scarcely knew what the thing was; yet it simply evaporated in her air. Here were people who had undergone martyrdom rather than as much as speak the language of the dominant race; and in the New World where no one asked them what their nationality was, they divested themselves of it of their own accord. But that was exactly wherein the miracle, like all miracles, was no more than a natural process. The new-comer unresistingly merged himself in the non-national society of America *because* there was no compulsion about it; because the pressure having been removed, he suddenly perceived that his ancestry had no earthly thing to do with his citizenship and the future of his children. His allegiance to America was not like his allegiance to the Empire; it was a voluntary adherence to an association of men of all origins on a new and rational principle. Others had done it before him. The very first immigrants had broken off with their motherland and ceased to call them-

selves by its name. All the rest who had followed had done likewise. There was no reason why he should not emulate them.

There had been much human sense in his resistance back there. His human dignity was involved, and his self-respect. In Europe a Pole who became Germanized, a Slovak who became Magyarized, an Irishman who became Anglicized, confessed himself beaten in an ancient contest. He gave away the cause for which his fathers had fought and bled. He opened the gates of the city to the enemy. He betrayed his people, helped to weaken their resistance, contributed to the extinction of their identity. Even if he embraced one of the internationalistic creeds, he felt a little like a traitor—just as a Jew does who turns free-thinker—because he never could be sure that he was not being duped at the old game under a new guise. But in America there were no nationalities, the old feud was liquidated. By adherence to her he was but broadening the path of mankind in its march toward a nobler destiny.

This escape from the loaded air of the Old World always was the fundamental motive in emigration. Even the economic factor was essentially a part of it. It expressed the emigrant's conviction that the ancient continent was in the grip of malevolent forces which made prosperity insecure, hobbled opportunity and circumscribed human effort. To this day every European who senses the root cause of the disorder in his world —and there are few who do not—is a potential Ameri-

can emigrant. People who are economically independent, who love the charm and color of their native scene and are somewhat appalled by the prospect of life in a newly settled community, are nevertheless strongly drawn to America by the hope of liberation from Europe's evil inheritance. It is this promise—not our constitutions and electoral systems and higher grades of plumbing—which is Americanism to our over-seas kin.

But all Europe cannot emigrate. However inspiring the idea of America as a refuge for war-distracted humanity, however many contrive to save themselves, the old nations must go on living in their ancestral homes. And as long as this is the case, the European evil must be grappled with and destroyed at home. For the mother-continent as a whole the way out of the wilderness is to carry the light of the New World into the Old, to extend the blessing of America to Europe herself. Europe must somehow learn the lesson of her daughter, and rebuild her society on a similar model, or perish. She must find out how to break down the walls that suffocate her, how to live with nationalism without dying of it, how eventually to abolish the foreigner in his native haunts. *Internationalism is the European counterpart of Americanism.*

That was why the world at war turned its eyes in hope and prayer to America. We were a sane and healthy Europe. We were the stalwart sons who had braved the seas and the virgin forest, and had built

ourselves a home in the solid rock, far from the quicksands and the inflammable litter of the ancestral estate. Now that the ancient house was on fire and our kindred were struggling in the blinding smoke, what else should we do but come and save them, give them our aid and counsel, show them how a human shelter should be erected for the safety and happiness of its inhabitants?

We were the hope of the peoples on both sides of the front. We were courted and trusted by both camps. We were not asked to intervene in the quarrel. To the clear-thinking minds among the belligerent nations —I am not talking of their statesmen—American participation in the war appeared as the final calamity. A greater task was reserved for us. We were to become the arbiter in the settlement. We were to bring our unique vision to the liquidation of the ancient disorder, and make an end of it for good and all. No one else could do it. No European neutral was safe or sane. The malady that was consuming the Old World was in their blood, too. But America could see Europe whole, and the war as simply a European disaster. Standing afar off as she did, she could see where the tinder lay, whence the flames sprang that were consuming the civilization of her race. She had no predatory interest in making off with the property of her afflicted kinsfolk. She was partial to none. She had the wealth and the power and the authority which comes of a clear record to command the respect and the confidence of the contestants. Above all, her

European blood, freshened and purified by the bracing air of a virgin continent, was immune to the terrible contagion.

There was much truth and not a little fancy in this pathetic faith. Our European cousins generalized on scant knowledge.

We did see Europe whole. To us it really was one country, one race, one civilization. Paris and Rome, London and Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople were not the capitals of separate states; they were just so many towns in the motherland. We glanced across now and then, and said we were "going over"—where? Not to Munich or Venice, nor even to England or France, but to Europe, just like that. It was the "old country," the "Old World"—the *old home*. It wasn't even a foreign country. An American thought of Europe a good deal as a Californian thinks of New England, as a Texan thinks of Virginia—as the old place, the home of the old folks. A Dutchman going to Florence, an Englishman going to Germany, a Dane going to Budapest, went to foreign parts. An American going to Europe simply went back.

We were the only Occidental people endowed with that vision. The Japanese, to be sure, and the Chinese, too, thought of Europe as one country. Indeed, they thought even more comprehensively; they saw not only Europe, but America also as a single civilization, and to that extent they were even more detached than we were. But there was a root difference. Theirs was the detachment of the foreigner, the cool and some-

what superficial clairvoyance of the outsider. They saw the obvious surface unity of the Western world because it was alien to them; they failed to perceive the fine differences for the same reason. Europe and America were one, principally because they were so unlike Asia. The Occident was universally Christian. Yes, but it was not uniformly Christian. The bitter feuds between Catholic and Protestant, the eternal backbiting of the interminable sects, hardly existed for them. Its civilization was of steel and coal and steam. The enormous differences in contribution to that civilization between the United States and France, between Germany and Italy, were not so obvious. To them the whole Occident wrote from left to right and horizontally, calculated in tens, ate at tables and with forks, made pictures in perspective, married but one wife and gave her dominion over the department of social engagements. But the American saw the minute distinctions between the peoples of Europe, and perceived that they were the variations within a unity, the individualities within a family. Americans regarded Europe as one people because they were themselves one all-European people. We knew perfectly well that Italians preferred one kind of sausage or opera, and Germans another; that Englishmen drank heavy beer and Frenchmen light wine. Hadn't we been in all their restaurants in the various foreign quarters of our own cities? But we knew also by experience and felt that this diversification merely emphasized their fundamental oneness.

True it was also that we were disinterested—not indifferent, not detached, but disinterested as only a warm friend can be. We had no part or lot in Europe's quarrels, but we were very profoundly concerned about the disorder and the destruction they created. We might be neutral as between the combatants because both were of our blood and thought; but we could not be neutral about Europe. We cared very little which side came out on top. For the moment there was a row in the family. Europe was in civil strife; our native culture was in trouble. In a war between Germany and France, Russia might be uneasy about the outcome because of the danger to the balance of power, because an ally might be weakened, and a potential foe aggrandized. To a Russian patriot the peace of Europe was worth preserving because it involved the security of Russia. To an American patriot it was literally the peace of Europe, because the quality of American patriotism was a fidelity to mankind and the world. To the Germans and the French, Louvain was a Belgian university, Reims a French cathedral. To us, they were simply part of the splendid heritage of our civilization, like the Bible and Euclid.

Over there, among the belligerents, too, there were individuals who had attained that broad outlook. There are in all countries little groups of "good Europeans." But we were a nation of good Europeans, because we were no longer Europeans at all.

That was why we were never for an instant neutral as between Europe and the calamity that overtook her

in 1914. The outbreak of hostilities took us completely by surprise. It was a terrific shock to us. We had never dreamt things were as bad as all that. We had vaguely heard rumblings, but we had never suspected they were the prelude to such an explosion. Balance of Power, Entente and Triple Alliance, Morocco and the Balkans, imperialism and militarism—well yes, some such words had reached our ears, but we had not heeded them much. They were so many terms in the quaint vocabulary which our Old World friends still affected, a good deal like their knights and royalties, and similar antiquated paraphernalia.

As soon as we regained our balance sufficiently to begin thinking about the catastrophe, we eagerly inquired who started it. It was of a piece with our naïve amiability in European affairs that we supposed its tragedies must have a villain. How were we to know that European wars were but the acute crises in an affliction which was chronic, that these outbreaks occurred periodically, not because any one willed or stirred them up, but because they were in the system? At any rate, we searched and we found. Interested parties—notably Mr. H. G. Wells, the same Mr. Wells who now lectures so convincingly about the United States of the World—assisted us. We pounced with much irritation on the offender. But our resentment continued for a long time fundamentally against the war, not against one or the other of the belligerents. We still shook our heads sympathetically and sighed, "Poor Europe." We went on in much the same strain

for nearly three years. In part, this large wisdom was no doubt the very human desire to be left out of a nasty mess. But in part also, it was sincere perplexity, a vague intimation of the all-round guilt and all-round helplessness of Europe.

This was our first tragic error. As soon as we had made up our minds—justly or unjustly—about who the aggressor was, we should have immediately gone in, not particularly to smash him but to block his purposes. To have joined the attacked side at once would have lent color to our protestations of idealism and disinterestedness. But in 1914 both the nation and its leader leaned more toward pacifism than toward the sacredness of the world's order. The American people went on singing hymns to peace and thanking their stars that they had been saved from electing a militarist to the Presidency, while civilization was burning up and the ground for intervention in defense of high principle was slipping from under their feet. And as a man who hesitates to come to the aid of his neighbor is sooner or later bound to act on behalf of his own safety, so America was in the end pushed in not on any clear-cut issue of international right but on pretexts trumped up by the handful in her midst who had developed a vested interest in intervention. The performance was repeated, as we shall see, four years later, when America and her leaders were forced to withdraw at the wrong time and out of the wrong motive.

But we were disinterested. As a people, we had no axe to grind in Europe. Even after we took sides in

the struggle we felt deep down in our souls that we had nothing to gain for ourselves by intervention. We held aloof because we were at heart pacifists and internationalists. Having been driven to make common cause with one group of belligerents, we were willing to fight to the end for precisely the same reasons. In war as in peace we took the propagandists' bogies of American danger and American obligation to our allies at a large discount. No intelligent American who knew the barest outline of the history of his own country could be profoundly impressed by the lately unearthed Lafayette legend. That much-made-of soldier had indeed fought beside Washington in the War of American Independence, but surely not because his royal master, the Sixteenth Louis of France, loved democracy. The colonial revolt was a handy fly to tease England with. The Kaiser helped Lenin to get to Russia out of much the same tender sentiment for revolution. Indeed, he even took a leaf out of History's notebook, and despatched the unlucky Roger Casement to re-enact the rôle of the apotheosized Frenchman in another British dominion. We know how England rewarded the Irishman; we can but guess the gratitude she would have shown toward Lafayette. We know how generously the Kaiser dealt with Lenin at Brest-Litovsk, and there is no good reason to assume that had not Louis' fleet been punished at the Battle of Saints, and had he not so soon lost his head at the hands of the French Revolution which the American experiment had done so much to hasten—that Louis

would have been much more gentle with the American Republic. And at all events it must surely have made the gods grin at the spectacle of the United States of America, grown strong and courted by all the belligerents, entering a war on the side of England ostensibly to acquit itself of the debt to that eighteenth-century French worthy who had done so much to annoy the British imperialists of his time.

Our sacred Monroe Doctrine, to be sure, had once been lightly spoken of by the Potsdam gentry. It was, I believe, during the Spanish War. But what American, however innocent of Agadir and the Mansion House Speech, had not heard of the Emperor of Mexico, set up on a throne in the very centre of the American sphere of influence by that same Emperor of the French over whose defeat at Sedan the propagandists were now shedding such warm tears? Nor had England religiously abstained from poaching on our preserves. The Venezuela affair, at least, was fresh enough for quite young people to have read in their daily newspaper how profoundly our British ally felt about the impudent ukase of President Monroe that Latin America be left a happy hunting-ground for the exclusive enjoyment of the imperialists of the United States.

No, the disinterestedness of this nation was an interest in the orderly development of the peoples of the Old World. All our traditional policies were intimately bound up with a peaceful Europe. The Monroe Doctrine was something more than an attempt to make

the Western Hemisphere into another Africa for the benefit of American expansionists. To the people of the United States, it remained what it was from the beginning, a part of their determination to prevent the disastrous politics of the Old World from gaining a foothold in the New. The only security for Latin America, the only security in the long run for the people of the United States themselves, lay in a truly democratized Europe, in the destruction of the ancient evil in its own lair. An organized European peace, also, was a guarantee for the Open Door, another world policy of America. Our trade, our cultural ties, our own progress and peace, the advancement of our democratic ideals in China and elsewhere, depended on the maintenance of order in Europe.

It was not quite so true as our friends abroad thought that we understood their malady. We knew vaguely that Europe was not well. But we had not the remotest notion of the nature or the causes of the ailment—least of all of the way it could be thrown off. We merely perceived symptoms. What we saw, moreover, disposed us to make light of it. It seemed a humorous disorder, something like cocaine addiction, more a bad habit than a disease. The patient had got himself into it by vicious pleasure-seeking in his youth, and now he had not the strength of will to shake himself free of it.

And that we were immune from the disorder was not true at all as events were presently to demonstrate. We were after all part of Christendom. We were not,

as we appeared to be, healthy inhabitants of another planet; we were merely *cured* Europeans. The infection was in our blood also. Indeed, we were in more dangerous case than the old nations. We thought ourselves safe. It had been so long since we had got an attack that we had even forgot how to be careful. We had lost interest in the matter, had become negligent about prophylaxis, and had never heard a thing about the latest discoveries in radical therapy. Therefore in an epidemic like a general war we were exposed not only to accidental contagion, but to the blandishments of quacks.

Chapter VI

The Americanization of Europe

ABOVE all the welter and confusion there presently arose a statesman with vision and eloquence. He was a historian, a thinker, a man with a rare sense at once of the broad realities of European politics and of the place of America in the world. Exceptional in the quality of his mind and the depth of his understanding, he was none the less profoundly representative of the humanitarian ideals, the pacific temper, the democratic aspirations of the great nation to which he belonged. Scarcely a man of the people, there was yet nothing about him of the latter-day upper class distrust of the American inheritance. He possessed the gift of seizing the unformed thought and confused will of the mass and converging it upon a track. Most fortunate of all, he was in a position of supreme power in the councils of his country. By one of those uncommon accidents in our party politics it was this scholar and democrat who, at the most crucial period in modern times, found himself at the helm of the United States government.

It would be mere fulsome flattery to say that Mr. Wilson at once saw his course. No man did, no man

could. For a considerable time he floundered, missed fire, made wrong starts, like the rest of us. Yet almost from the beginning an observer could perceive something like a general direction in his waverings. At a time when the majority of Americans blessed their stars that this country was free of European entanglements, he was oppressed with the insecurity of its aloofness. While the generality of American people debated the respective guilt of the combatants, and drifted from blind neutrality toward blind partisanship, he had his eyes fixed on the vastness of the tragedy, on the underlying cause of it in the general disorder of Europe, and on the great rôle America was destined to play in the settlement.

Mr. Wilson was one of the little band of Americans who clearly grasped what the nation as a whole vaguely felt. He really saw the mother-continent as one country, and the war as a civil struggle. And it was chiefly on this account that he hoped and prayed that the world might be spared the final calamity of armed intervention by the United States. It was not sectarian pacifism or irresponsible aloofness or national selfishness. He was indeed overwhelmed at the thought of sending this great peaceful people into the shambles. But there was something else. America's neutrality was the last resource of a just peace. Her taking sides would deprive Europe of its only remaining asset. It would truly turn the world into two armed camps bent on mutual destruction. It would leave civilization without a friend, without sanity, without the saving spirit of

impartiality. Worse yet, it would make a smashing victory inevitable. It would put half of Europe at the mercy of the other half. It would leave the peace of the world less secure than ever.

The President saw that what Europe needed was not a new map but a new soul. This vast tragedy might become the birth-travail of a new order. It might serve to put in flux the whole encrusted tradition of European discord, break forever the spell of militarism, open the eyes of mankind to the diabolical delusion of war and conquest as a substitute for law. But the new order would be still-born unless the war came to an undecisive end. Permanent peace was conditioned upon an even break, a victory for neither side.

The President was not a historian for nothing. He cast his eye over the past and perceived that the European chaos is rooted and sustained not so much in war as in the peace which traditionally concludes war. The fears and suspicions, the stinging memories and dreams of revenge are the inheritance not of combat but of the long succession of punitive victories. The injuries inflicted in battle may indeed be terrible; but they are transitory. They can be forgotten. The parties look back and see that both were impelled by the whip of passion. They killed and burned in hot blood, in self-defense, out of necessity. The danger and the suffering were mutual. There was a kind of heroism about it all, a spirit of fairness, even of comradeship. There was nothing deliberate about the cruel business, no intention and therefore no sense of humiliation. A

certain immunity attaches to combatancy, a certain tradition of honor and justice. War is carried on by soldiers, by men with a professional ethic, with a high esteem for their calling, and a disciplined regard for the rules of the game.

Peace-making is another matter. The battle ended, the struggle passes into the hands of the civilian diplomats. The scene is shifted from the field of glory to the counting house. Honor flies out of the window and greed enters at the door. The equality of combat is superseded by the pompous arrogance of the victor and the crushed impotence of the defeated. There is no chivalry, only vindictiveness. Even the justification of fear and danger and passion is lacking. It is all so pedestrian, so cold-blooded. That splendid intoxication of battle has evaporated, and all that is left is on the one hand a weary sense of helplessness, on the other a deliberate effort to humiliate. The vanquished is made to feel that his punishment and despoiling are an act not of justice or fairness but of malice and brute might. He is not being tried for his offenses by an impartial jury in due process of law; he is being lynched by a party to the dispute for no other reason than that he is defenseless. To be sure, had the rôles been reversed, he might have done likewise. But he is not thinking of that.

And besides, the peace is so much longer than the war. It comes at the trough of the wave, at the point of exhaustion. The defeated country is paralyzed by popular disillusionment, a disordered economy, a bur-

den of debt. Just now when the need of encouragement, of quiet, of hard work and recuperation is so great, the foe persists in nagging and threatening and in every conceivable way making life unendurable for his victim. He piles the debt higher with his indemnities, he disrupts the economic life further by his annexations of territories which are a vital part of the industrial and agricultural organism, he deepens the demoralization by his everlasting intrigues and bullyings. And this may go on for decades, perhaps for generations.

The result is that a feeling of humiliation, of hatred, of bitterness takes possession of the defeated nation which was unknown while the war was on. It pervades the whole people. It worms its way into the literature, into the common speech, into the very schools of the youth. It becomes a part of the thought and national consciousness of the country. For, unlike the war, the peace involves not merely the fighting forces but the whole people. The entire people, including the old men, the women and the very unborn children, are in one way or another the victims. Every inhabitant is touched, not alone in his material interest, but in his pride. The name which he bears is being humbled, the dignity of his race is insulted. His profoundest instincts are stirred. He forgets his resentment against his own leaders who have landed him in disaster. He ceases speculating on the blessings of permanent peace and the brotherhood of nations. Make such a peace permanent! Be brothers with such a brood of vipers!

There is no salvation but in battle. Therefore the professional swashbuckler becomes once again the hope of the national honor. The little groups who thrive on discord and suspicion catch the ear of the goaded people. The great victory turns out to be a mere link between the last war and the next.

That Mr. Wilson understood all this is not half so remarkable as that he made it the theme of one of his official utterances. To speak such unpalatable truths to a world in the midst of war—worse yet, to proclaim them to one's own already impassioned people—required the rarest species of moral courage. All America was aware—in a somewhat confused fashion, to be sure—of the menace of a German triumph. Few, if any, perceived the not much lesser danger of a German defeat. To this day there are scarcely a handful who realize that the existing disorder in the world springs out of the failure to end the war without victory for either side.

Why was a triumphant Germany a menace? Not for one instant on the grounds advanced by the propaganda shops. No better evidence exists of the fundamental disinterestedness of this country in the European struggle than the fact that whichever side came out on top America had nothing to fear. No European power or coalition, however aggrandized by success, could dream of measuring swords with us for generations after so exhausting a war. What is more, the conquests of modern wars are the most delusive and unenduring things imaginable. A map designed on a

basis of forced annexation within Europe is not worth the paper it is drawn on. It would keep the conqueror in hot water while it lasted, and it would last just long enough for some new combination to tear it up. That was precisely where the menace lay chiefly. It threatened the peace of Europe. It made future wars a certainty. Chiefly, but not entirely. One of the objections to German success was its danger to the German people themselves. The Germans are the largest homogeneous nation in Europe. They are temperamentally no less pacific or democratic than any other people. But it happened that they owed their unification to the militaristic oligarchy which governed them. Their rulers had persuaded them to engage in this war by promising them a fat share of the world's hinterlands which the older imperialistic powers had hitherto denied them. If they succeeded in their objects they would gain a new lease of confidence and gratitude from their people. The German nation would put its trust in the sword and in government by a military caste for an indefinite period to come.

The consequences of such a result were very far-reaching. The German monarchy—unlike the Russian, for instance—was an enlightened and efficient one. It had proved in the past that it knew how to win the loyalty of the classes least disposed to favor it. It had already made virtual dependencies of the countries allied with it. It was quite unhampered in its program by the will of other powers. If it won the war it could justly claim to have triumphed single-handed over the

entire world. The German imperialistic design, moreover, involved domination over European countries as well as in Asia and Africa. Consequently the entire political progress of the Old World would be arrested. All Europe would be set plotting for liberation and revenge. The passion for freedom would, as so often before, be shunted away from the path of democracy to the well-trodden road of nationalism. The ancient malady would be aggravated and prolonged.

But what about an allied victory? Did a complete triumph over Germany promise any better for the future peace of Europe? Doubtless it did in certain directions. The Entente, to begin with, was a coalition of at least five great powers, to say nothing of the multitude of small ones. These empires were held together by a temporary common danger. Once Germany was defeated, their divergent interests would reassert themselves. Without taking any serious stock in the much-advertised democracy of the allies, one was inclined to look forward to a modicum of justice from them. Germany was England's best customer. Italian industry was absolutely dependent on German good will. Both in Russia and Japan there was a powerful pro-German party. Moreover, the victorious allies would almost certainly make an end of the Austrian anomaly, and thus remove one of the most fruitful sources of irritation. But, on the other hand, there were the French fears and bad memories, and the Russian colossus with its unappeasable greed. Worst of all, there was the crucial matter of colonies. It was for its place

in the sun that Germany had plunged into war. "Prussian militarism" was in the last analysis the spear-head of German expansion. Was it likely that Britain and Japan would go into partnership with the defeated enemy in the hinterlands? Hardly. The leading cause of the great war would remain where it was. The barriers around the teeming industrious nation would be drawn tighter than ever. And the peace of Europe would rest as on quicksands.

The entry of the United States into the war did not substantially modify the President's attitude. It merely obliged him to revise his methods. He said in the very message in which he asked Congress to declare war that he contemplated no abandonment of America's position with regard to the settlement. He made that point very plain. He declared in so many words: "I have exactly the same thing in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22nd of January last." (The Peace without Victory speech.) As he saw it, there could be no departure from America's historic mission. It was to make sure of a just conclusion of the struggle that she had accepted intervention. America's belligerency was indeed of a piece with her prolonged neutrality; it was a confirmation of the sincerity of her consistent stand. She had held aloof from the quarrel because it was an affair of Europe's; but the ultimate issue involved the world's peace and future, and with that she was very vitally concerned. The war had taken her unawares, and the only means in her power to shorten its duration was to widen it in area.

But a patched-up peace—a peace of conquest, punishment and humiliation, which would prepare the way for its renewal—must be avoided even at the cost of temporarily intensifying it. The prospect of a return to the old tension was enormously more terrifying than the present murderous violence. It threatened to wipe out Christendom. America was willing to fight in order to secure a stable peace—not perhaps a peace without victory now, but a peace without the horrors and dangers of defeat to the weaker side, an organized peace resting on the consent of mankind and the cooperation of the peoples of the enemy.

He looked upon the alliance with the Entente governments as an unavoidable makeshift. As long as Europe was constituted as it was America was bound to deal with the de facto representatives of the nations. But America's purposes could never be theirs. America at war as in neutrality was in effect a third party to the contest. The allied powers had ancient scores to settle and a multiplicity of interests—commercial, financial, political, territorial, colonial and what not—to serve. They were steeped in that European tradition which had brought on the war. However good their intentions might be, their outlook at the settlement could not but be determined and vitiated by their past record. America's hands were clean. Her only interest was in the orderly development of her Old World kin. Her true communion was with the democracies, with the masses of Europe, specifically with those liberal forces in all countries who were

striving for liberation from the oppressive inheritance of their continent. Mr. Wilson saw the real lines of cleavage in European politics, the relative artificiality of the modern state barriers, the reality of the horizontal division between peoples on the one hand and the governing minorities on the other. The hope of peace and stability, the reliance of the new order, was in the victims of the European system.

The President erected the entire structure of American belligerent policy on this twofold premise: First, that the cause of world disorder and instability lay in the very nature of European international relations, and that victory for one side or the other had in it the menace of perpetuating the evil; secondly, that the plain people of all the nations were the unwilling pawns in the game and desperately seeking a way out.

No one who has not laid hold of this basic conception of America's objects can begin to understand the program of her spokesman or his methods.

Let there be no misunderstanding. Mr. Wilson was as eager to beat the Kaiser as was anybody. Only he looked beyond. The defeat of Prussian militarism was wholly good. But it was not the whole good. The German governing caste must be eliminated because it was the most flagrant example, the principal cause of the existing confusion, the chief hindrance to a satisfactory solution. But if the struggle was not to result in a mere change of rôles between the foes, one must come to grips with the Prussian idea itself and demolish it for good and all. The Prussian idea was not

confined to Prussia. It had resided elsewhere before. It might emigrate again.

The destruction of the European political tradition, the liberation of the Old World from its age-old incubus, was the true victory. Anything else, anything short of that, would be, for America, worse than defeat, no matter how thoroughly the Kaiser might be beaten. If Europe was to gain anything by this vast tragedy, she must undergo, in round terms, a political revolution.

Mr. Wilson addressed himself to this task with all the energy and the courage he possessed. He made common cause with those who shared his aims. He went clear over the heads of governments and chancelleries and spoke to the European peoples. He invited them into an unofficial alliance with America. He fraternized with those liberal and radical groups which were endeavoring in every country to exploit the great war in the interest of permanent peace and reconciliation among nations, and begged them to help America make them free. He assured the European masses again and again that America had no other interest in the war than to make peace secure.

To the President there was no such thing as an enemy people. He included the Germans in his communion along with the rest. He never tired of insisting that America had no quarrel with the German people. That was no mere empty phrase. It was not just a piece of sentimental pacifism. It was the most practical kind of sound politics. It was not even just

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propaganda. He did, to be sure, endeavor to drive a wedge between the German nation and its criminal leaders, and to this extent his profession of friendship for the Germans was an offensive against their morale. But it was coupled with sincere guarantees for the future. He did not ask them to repudiate their leaders and render themselves defenseless so that their enemies might the more easily destroy them. He pointed out to them that they were fighting against their own dearest interests, that a victory for their autocracy would spell their own enslavement and the whole world's. And he urged them to join with us and the Allied peoples to break the power which was driving Europe to ruin. Thus far, indeed, he was merely repeating what the Entente statesmen had been saying all along. But Mr. Wilson did not stop there. In return for their co-operation he offered them a share in the common victory. He pledged the word of America—and by implication that of the governments with which America was associated—that a self-governing Germany shall be treated as an equal, that the settlement shall be just to all peoples, that no German lands shall be annexed (except Alsace-Lorraine which had been seized by their rulers in a previous war), that there shall be no indemnities beyond the strictest reparation for devastated property, that disarmament shall be universal, and, above all, that the peace shall be maintained by a concert of mankind in which the German people will have a voice of equality with other nations.

This was something more than irresponsible propa-

ganda, designed to mislead the enemy and to trap him. It was realistic American statesmanship. Let us examine it in greater detail.

Considered superficially the distinction between the government and the people of Germany was academic hairsplitting. The German people were making war on us and our allies. But then so were the Poles and the Czechs. The Croats of Hungary were the best fighters the Habsburgs had. Yet there was no intention on the part of the Entente to punish these peoples. On the contrary they were promised rewards. It was part of the allied victory program to set up an independent Poland, to liberate the Austrian nationalities, to regard them as friends, to give them their own lands, to exempt them from the reparations charges. Why? The answer is, because they were subject races, because they had no voice in the councils of their rulers, because their participation in the war was forced upon them.

Well now, in America's view, the same reasons held good for the German people. Mr. Wilson never omitted an occasion to emphasize this point, that he did not hold the German nation responsible for the deeds of their rulers. He said in his address to Congress of April 2, 1917: "We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. *It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.*" (Italics mine.) He reverted to the idea again before

he concluded this speech. In his Flag-Day address of the same year he stressed the point even more strongly: "We know now . . . that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own." And further along in this utterance he took pains to make his meaning clearer. "The masters of Germany . . . are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction—socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed and . . . Germany herself will lose her chance of freedom; and Europe will arm for the next, the final struggle." There is no use in accumulating quotations. The idea of the nation's guiltlessness in the crimes of its government is one of the predominating ideas in the American leader's thought. It recurs in nearly every one of his public utterances.

To everyone who truly understands the nature of European political institutions the distinction is not only fundamental, it is almost axiomatic. The conduct of foreign affairs is, in all countries, whether monarchical or republican, completely beyond the control of the electorate. The responsibility for war is therefore not the nation's but the chancellery's. In this important and basic sense there is no such thing as a free and

independent people. Every European nation is, as far as peace and war are concerned, on the same level as the Croats and the Irish, as the Poles and the Corsicans. The population of every European state is an oppressed nationality. The difference between self-governing and subject peoples, is, in respect to international relations, quite illusory. An independent nation is one whose foreign office is located within its own territory and whose foreign secretary speaks its own language. A subject nationality is one which is sent to war from a chancellery situated in somebody else's country by an order couched in an alien tongue. Of course, once war is here both will march. What else is there to do? From the struggle the soldier has at least a chance of coming back alive and with all his limbs. If he rebels he will certainly be shot. Moreover, once hostilities are declared, all wars become defensive. The ancient fears are aroused. The penalties of defeat are not to be trifled with. The Frenchman prefers to stay French rather than become German. The Croat would rather serve the Habsburg than fret under Italy. Even the Hindu will defend the Union Jack rather than run the risk of falling under the domination of Germany or Russia. It is better to endure the accustomed yoke than to fly to evils unknown. If by refusing to fight one could really hope to become free, to have done with subjection and diplomats and war altogether, there would be hardly a man to join the army. But there is no such alternative. The choice is between being sent to the front by the existing authority or by the new

conqueror. It is not much in the way of latitude. One might as well volunteer.

What the Entente powers were promising to the small peoples of Hungary and Austria was neither new nor particularly virtuous. They were pledged to set the Croats free—that is, to liberate them from the chancellery of Vienna and put them under that of Belgrade. The immunity of dependent nationalities was an old and generally recognized principle. Austria-Hungary herself believed in it—in so far as it affected the Tsar's subjects. If Germany had won the war she would doubtless have liberated Ireland and India—liberated them, I mean, from the yoke of Britain. For some mystical reason she would not have done so much for the people of Lancashire or Vendée. She would have rewarded some of the nationalities who made war on her, and loaded others down with indemnities and curses. The allies meant to do likewise. They would bestow on the Poles who supported the Kaiser the gift of independence. The Prussians and Bavarians, who did the same thing, they would punish. What is the logic? Well, the Poles are Poles; they fought because they had to. The Prussians and Bavarians are Germans—and they also fought because there was no other choice. The Germans sang a Hymn of Hate against England, a member of the Entente. The Poles sang a much older song of detestation against Russia, another ally. The reason why Czechs ought to be freed from Austria and Irishmen from Britain was exactly the reason why Germans ought to

be saved alike from the Kaiser and the vengeance of the victors, because the war was not of their making, while the money paid in indemnities and the territory confiscated in annexations *were* their property.

The President's policy toward the people of the enemy was determined not alone by common sense and a desire for justice. It was dictated by the necessity for permanent peace. It was not that America aimed to overlook the monstrous guilt of those who had disturbed the world's tranquillity; she was looking ahead to the long period after the war and endeavoring to enlist the consent and co-operation of a great European nation in maintaining the settlement.

This central purpose of America's belligerency was what gave significance to all the President's declarations. His internationalism in advocating a league, his nationalism in the matter of Poland and the Austro-Hungarian peoples, his attitude toward the Russian revolution, his insistence on open conferences, were all so many planks in the great platform of permanent peace. That vague and somewhat unsonorous phrase about making the world safe for democracy was itself but a variant statement of the basic American aim.

At first glance it may seem as if there were an inevitable contradiction between the idea of a confederation of Europe and the attempt to crumble up large empires into their fragmentary constituents. The league was a stride toward internationalism; self-determination

looked backward to the old particularism. The misunderstanding lies at the root of the prevailing conception of internationalism. In the popular mind internationalism is the program of a group of mad radicals who propose to destroy nations in order to set up in their place some artificial monstrosity variously called the World State and the Federation of Man. It seeks to make an end of the local spirit, of patriotism, of the diversity of peoples, to render the earth smooth and flat, without character or color.

As a matter of fact the picture is not of the internationalist at all, but of an entirely different gentleman. It is of that inverted internationalist known to politics as the annexationist. The annexationist is the species of lunatic who in time of war will fight valiantly for the rights of small nations, because he is not infrequently himself a member of an oppressed little people, who will wax eloquent about the divinity of the national instinct, about its roots in the very being of man, about the wickedness and hopelessness of attempting to repress it, and who when he has gained the power will fall into another mood and sing another tune, and proceed quite coolly to take over some fraction of a neighboring people and set about knocking the nationality out of it. This gentleman, who is usually a diplomat, or at the very least a major-general, is at once the abomination and the long-sought ideal of the opponents of internationalism, at once the bogey and the secret admiration of the nationalist press and the superpatriotic societies, depending only on which side of the

frontier he carries on. For in every country the loudest nationalists are also the hottest imperialists.

Sane internationalism, the kind aimed at by President Wilson, is not only not hostile to the individuality and freedom of peoples; it is conditioned upon them. Putting it paradoxically, one might say that there can be no unification in Europe without a previous Balkanization of Europe. To break up Austria and reconstitute Poland and make independent states out of the Baltic provinces, without at the same time erecting a larger unity upon the consent of these and the older nations, is indeed to aggravate the ancient disorder. It is to condemn each severed part to bleed independently to death. It is to cast fresh bait before the imperialists. It is to make national freedom a mockery. But to organize a league of nations with Austria and Russia intact, with Poland partitioned, with a score of unsatisfied national aspirations festering in the flesh of Europe, is not to found an association of peace but to set down a load of dynamite with torches flaming all around. It is to create not a union of free co-operation but a violent super-imperialism, to hand over the oppressed peoples to everlasting subjugation and Europe to ceaseless agitation with rebellion and war as the only certain future. It is to build the new order not on a solid and secure foundation but on a volcano.

This national freedom so widely agitated during the war, the subject of so much ecstasy among the allied statesmen, is, in the general anarchy of European power

politics, nothing but an illusion. It is like the freedom of a man sent out of prison into a world which distrusts and ostracizes him. It is like the abolition of negro slavery in a country where negroes are regarded as menials or pariahs. Small nations like Greece and Rumania, which have been independent for a long time, are mere satellites to one or another of the great powers, subject to the will of outsiders in peace and in war. The secession of such a people from its old domination amounts merely to its subjection to some new mastery, not infrequently a harsher one. Russia's espousal of the cause of the Slavs of Austria-Hungary and the Balkans was but an attempt to draw these peoples into her own orbit of influence. In a European war these nations have no choice but to tie themselves to the chariots of one or the other of the belligerent groups under whose influence they exist, regardless of their own interests. The handling of Greece by the allied powers was a most illuminating example.

When all is said and done, however, independence under the curtained ægis of one of the imperial states is an advance on the slavery of direct and open subjection. It feels better. Apart from the military establishment with its burden of service and taxes, the little people does exercise sovereignty in its internal business. It is autonomous. It may talk its own language, worship in its chosen churches, practice its own customs, and eat and dress as it likes. And peace, after all, is the normal thing, and lasts longer than war, even in the anarchic world where it lives. Its armament and its

foreign relations, to be sure, are determined and dictated from abroad, from the Holy Synod of European chancelleries, but so are they determined and dictated for the nations of the great powers. Such is life in Christendom. Their representatives in parliament, or even their king, have no voice in deciding when and why and whom they should fight in war. But at least they can marry and die and quarrel as their ancestors did. And that is an improvement on the humiliating dictation under Turkey or Hungary.

For this limited and somewhat shadowy liberty the nationalities of Europe have fought and kept the world in turmoil for ages, and will continue to do so for ages to come. As long as it is denied to the smallest of them Europe cannot even begin to discuss permanent, organized peace. They are aware that it is freedom with a string; they realize, moreover, the price it is costing them in economic waste, in political irritation with their petty neighbors in isolation from the larger world, in a thousand irksome inconveniences of trade and travel and education. But they prefer to pay it all, rather than submit to the arrogant tyranny of their neighbors. Their long and bitter experience has taught them that they cannot have both. Their tragic history has developed in them a fierce ingrowing devotion to those intangible trivia which set them apart and endow them with individuality. They have cherished them secretly for centuries; they will not listen to economics or reason, they will not consent to the brotherhood of man until their craving has been appeased. Interna-

tionalism! Huh, they know what that is. They have had all they want of it from Austria, Russia, Turkey. Their own life first, even if circumscribed. Economic survival and world salvation afterwards.

You may take this as the European malady in malignant case if you like. It is certainly one of the unhealed scars left by its ravages. Purely psychological? No doubt of it. But as real as the people themselves and the villages they live in. More real than many of your economic and political hard facts. And, make up your mind to it, you will never have any kind of European unity or security or permanent peace until those scars are healed in the open air and the balm of freedom.

Something more. There can be no unity until the little nations are at least as free as the peoples of the great powers. Per contra, no people can be really free until there is unity. The two go hand in hand. As long as the foreign offices of half a dozen governments denominate the inter-relations of peoples and the most vital concern of their internal economy, national independence in Europe is an idle phrase. A league conceived in a genuine spirit must begin by abolishing the intrigues and sabre-rattling which are facetiously called international relations. When that day comes the European states great and small will cease to be as independent as they now are for mischief, but their peoples will be free—free to grow and develop, to use their resources for their own welfare and to live in security and peace.

The President's insistence on open peace negotiations and disarmament was similarly a logical part of his program for definitely ending the world's disorder. A diplomatic conference carrying on behind closed doors would produce not a federation of Europe but a new system of Alliances. It would be controlled not by the democracies, nor even by all the governments, but by the statesmen of the big powers, who would resolve the problems left over by the war not in the interest of Europe but with a view to their own purposes. Public sessions, on the other hand, would serve to bring home to the masses of European people the nature of the tasks before the conference, would enable the liberal elements to exert their influence upon the settlement, would virtually unseat the old diplomacy. Again, disarmament and the league for peace were inter-dependent. There could be no confidence among nations as long as each state maintained a huge military establishment in competition with and as a threat against every other state. That is to say, there could be no unification without disarmament. Neither, on the other hand, would disarmament be enduring without a league. The community must be organized, and the weapon taken from the gunman must be put in the hands of a policeman, if citizens are to feel secure in their life and property, and if new gunmen are to be discouraged.

And finally—was Mr. Wilson's talk about democracy mere American sentimentality, or did it address itself to European realities? It must never be forgotten that

democracy in the Old World was a continental not a local thing. In most countries, particularly in those which had attained national unity, self-government already existed. In many of them there was a good deal more of it than in the United States. The abolition of titles of nobility, the limitation of the prerogatives of monarchy, the control by parliament of the taxing power, had been effected to a greater or less degree in the majority of the states. Nations were self-governing in proportion as they were pacific, which is to say to the extent that they were free from the menace of external aggression and internal militarism. But the advance was local and partial. Half of Europe was wasting the energies which should have gone into home reform in nationalistic suspicion, discord and defense. Nations menaced by invasion and enslavement found neither the time nor the zeal to set their house in order. European democracy was retarded by international chaos.

Not alone that. As I have indicated before, this national democracy is largely fictitious. In Europe, self-government is not an affair of voting for sheriff. Control of internal business is both widespread and of little moment. Freedom for Europeans means specifically the right of peoples to choose their own way of life and allegiance, and a voice in the most important governmental function—the making of war and peace. As long as small groups of men are in control of foreign affairs no European people is free. As long as

Europe is divided and chronically plunged in strife there can be no democracy. The liberation of Europe must be preceded by the Americanization of Europe. Self-government must wait on unification.

Chapter VII

America Adrift

THE response to the Wilson utterances was immediate, world-wide, electrical. Among the gentry who had brought on the calamity and who proposed to see it through to its catastrophic end regardless of the cost, they produced a painful sensation, something in the nature of a panic. This idealistic stuff was the final menace. It was worse than air-bombs and submarines, more destructive of the foundations of civilization than the violation of treaties and neutral zones. It struck directly at the roots of the sacred European system of unstable balances of power and periodic explosions and mutual depredation. It made no distinction between friend and foe; it perceived no conflict between nations; it drew the fighting front in a horizontal line as between Europe on the one side and the chancelleries on the other. It gave aid and comfort to the ultimate enemy, to the little groups of subverters and defeatists within the gates who had all along been agitating the heresies of a permanent peace and a united Europe. It tended to unsettle the common soldier and concentrate his attention on the power that was maiming and devouring him. It shook the faith of the common civilian and

set him questioning the wisdom and integrity of his rulers. It had not the remotest resemblance to civilized statesmanship. It had all the ear-marks of evangelism. Wasn't it just like those puritanical spoil-sports of the American backwoods to inject that sort of thing into the jolly old game?

It was a toss-up as to which group of combatants was likely to lose more by the entry of the new belligerent. The Kaiser could not make up his mind whether it was the army or the philosophy of America that was the chief danger to a German triumph. The statesmen of the Entente wondered whether the victory was worth getting under such terms. In both camps wise men gave warning that, unless the opponents contrived somehow to compose their differences, civilization—or, in other words, the whole political tradition of Europe —would be submerged. The Wilson pronunciamentos served to make all good militarists and imperialists feel their common kinship, to drive them back to their first line of defense, to huddle together against the common enemy.

For the masses of the Old World, for the victims of the war on both sides of the front, those stirring addresses were the glad tidings of salvation, the dawn of a new day. They cleared the air suddenly, like a thunder-shower after a sultry, oppressive night. Not that the President's vision was altogether novel. The bleeding nations had heard such promises before. In a vague though ever clearer way they had been groping after these things themselves. But hitherto the striving

for health and peace and liberation had been no more than an aspiration, a distant, almost unattainable ideal. It had been sung by poets and preached by rebels and dreamers, people without the slightest weight in the councils of power. Never before had the official head of a great country spoken such words. Ah, the hope of mankind was not a vain thing after all. There was a vital reality in that magical name of America.

It was not alone the little dependent peoples who rose with a thrill. Those much-advertised favorites of the allied propaganda shops were not the only oppressed inhabitants of the old continent. All Europe was subject. The plain men and women of the enemy countries were no less profoundly moved than were those of the powers whom the United States had joined. Indeed, the line between friend and foe had been all but obliterated. The issue had become crystallized and illuminated. The whole groaning world was laboring toward the same goal. The plain men of all nations were fighting in a common cause. The struggle was approaching its last phase; the awakened consciousness of Europe was converging upon the real enemy—upon the little handfuls who stood in the way of the American solution. Nothing but the secret imperialistic treaties of the Entente, which were dangled before the nose of the German people to prove to them that the aims of the United States were not shared by the European allies, prevented an immediate collapse of the Central Powers. Nothing but the unregenerate arrogance of the German militarists—demonstrated in ac-

tion at Brest-Litovsk—deterred the allied peoples from forcing their governments to come to terms with the enemy or be faced with revolution at home. But for the dark forces supported by the vociferous bitter-enders on both sides, the war could have been ended a year earlier than it was.

Wilson became by acclamation the prophet and spokesman of the European peoples. The eyes of mankind turned to the New World as the last hope of peace and salvation.

But back in the United States events were otherwise shaping themselves. In his own country Mr. Wilson was no prophet. The leadership of belligerent America fell from the start into other hands. The people who had done so much to bring the nation into the war now assumed the task of directing its emotional force into channels running in a direction contrary to the official course. They took over the entire program of the allied foreign offices and made it without noticeable alteration their own. For them there was nothing distinctive about America's position in the world, or her objectives in the war. She was not a saner and unified Europe. She was, as far as the business in hand was concerned, merely a party to the feud like all the rest; she was simply one of the Entente allies. She was, to be sure, fighting for ideals, but then so were France and the whole coalition, including Japan and Rumania. They acknowledged no particular difference between the ideals of America and those of her associates, and therefore they saw no necessity for any peculiarly

American spirit in their attainment. The only thing that distinguished America from her allies was her geographical remoteness and her long-delayed entry. The American people were so far from the scene of danger, they had so long kept aloof from the struggle, they were even now so sober and complacent about it, that it would need the most intense kind of agitation and scare-mongering to lift them up to the required pitch of war-fever.

The composition and mentality of these unofficial leaders was a somewhat complex one. One of their impulses was doubtless partisan. A preponderant number of them belonged in the camp of the political opposition. By habit and tradition they distrusted the party in power. But that is a detail. I mean something very much broader by the word partisan. The President's policies had nothing to do with the party whose nominal head he was. No American President had ever been more independent in his international attitude than he. Indeed, the Democratic chiefs and the Democratic press tacitly disliked his platform quite as much as the Republican ones did openly. The hostility was principally toward the man and his notions. These powerful groups in control of the nation's economic life and its channels of opinion, instinctively recoiled from the liberal American tradition which was the constant theme and inspiration of the President's utterances. They had pretty thoroughly outgrown the old-fashioned American bias. They were practical, unsentimental men of affairs. Secret diplomacy, mili-

tarism, economic imperialism, held no terrors for them. It depended entirely on who it was that practiced them. They had listened with cumulative disapproval to Mr. Wilson's discourses ever since 1914. They had heaped scorn on his pacifism, his talk about "neutrality in thought," "too proud to fight," "peace without victory" and all the rest of it. They had for three years systematically endeavored to undermine his influence with the nation, or at least to bend him to their own will. Now that they had succeeded in the latter aim, they, the least democratic elements in the United States, headed the column in the crusade for democracy; they, the least internationally minded of Americans, became the great defenders of internationalism.

This animus, however, was not entirely against Mr. Wilson. Partisanship in the modern world is not an affair of political tags. The insidious attempt to discredit the liberal President was but a phase of the more comprehensive plan of discrediting liberalism itself. The President's humanitarian idealism issued from a certain conception of what America stood for in the world. It was shared by certain elements in the population. Under the enthusiasm of war time it threatened to take possession of the whole nation, to become the prevailing idea of Americanism. But this interpretation of Americanism and these liberal groups who adhered to it were intimately bound up with a variety of economic and social theories and practices which went counter to everything that the war party believed in. This was the historic moment to deal this old

American philosophy its death-blow, to wean the country away for good and all from the revolutionary doctrines of its youth, to stamp the entire liberal faith as alien and un-American, to enshrine stand-pat conservatism as the new testament of true-blue Americanism. The very humanitarianism, the very lofty tenor, the very impartiality and even-handedness of the liberal program could be forged into weapons against it. It could be made to appear as weak and straddling, as half-hearted, as too generous to the enemy, as defeatist.

This analysis of the mind and motive of our war leadership may be true or not. It certainly is not the whole truth. I am not disposed, therefore, to overstress it. I do not for an instant imagine that any group of men sat around a table in Wall Street or any other place, conspiratorially elaborating policies and issuing orders to strategically stationed henchmen. When all is said and done, ignorance and war-dementia probably had more to do with their activity than deliberate malevolence. At least it is the better part of charity to interpret it so. It is by no means unthinkable that our giant patriots really convinced themselves that the peace of the world and the future of civilization and the foundations of honor and religion were endangered by the pacifistic internationalism of the President of the United States. I can very easily imagine them believing that the whole German nation were actually responsible not only for kindling the war but for the disordered mind of Europe which made a general war

sooner or later inevitable; that the Entente statesmen were amiable nincompoops whom the Prussian Junkers took completely by surprise in the first days of August, 1914; that the only possible hope of progress and prosperity in Europe was in so utterly crushing Germany as to enable one or another of the Entente powers to become the dominant military power on the continent; and that America could have no other aim than that of her allies.

But whether it was malice or stupidity, the fact remains that the new-born American militarists did everything in their power to cut the ground from under the official program of the administration. They whipped themselves into a rage of hatred against the German people more violent than the French themselves displayed. They evoked horrendous nightmares of imminent invasion, by way of terrifying the American people into the conviction that they were in the war for their own safety and not at all in defense of international ideals (which in view of the occasion of our entry was not unplausible). They revised history to prove that the Teutons were an uncivilized and uncivilizable race; that they were hopelessly and inevitably militaristic; that they had destroyed the Roman power of antiquity (which was not wholly untrue, except that those somewhat legendary predecessors of the Prussians were also the ancestors of several Entente peoples, including the Americans); that Germany had never been truly converted to Christianity (as if any country in Christendom ever had been). They de-

manded the permanent crushing of the enemy peoples by a punitive peace and by economic wars after the war. All this, please to remember, while the official head of the United States government was tirelessly insisting on his friendship for the nations with whose rulers we were at war, and urging them to join with us in the common cause against militarism, and promising them a fair and just peace!

Between this dual leadership the American people quite lost their way. Deep down in their hearts they felt the soundness of the President's policy. It was the very stuff of the splendid American past. This New World, by all its history, its racial origins and its faith, could have no part in European quarrels except as the friend of both parties. The crushing of German militarism was indeed the chief aim of America's belligerency; but it was only a means to an end. The ultimate purpose was to rid the world of the incubus of war altogether, to make the earth free.

It is safe to say that no American statesman, with the possible exception of Lincoln, had ever come so close to saying the things which the nation felt and strove for. He was digging down to the essentials and the fundamentals. He had seized the voice and the spirit of America. And surely no one before him had done so much to make the name of America glorious in the world, to broadcast her lofty message to the peoples of mankind. Small wonder the nation apotheosized him. Already in his lifetime he became one of the legendary heroes of the Republic. His name was enshrined with

those of Washington and Lincoln. He had ceased to be a mere person; he was something more than the leader of the nation in a crisis. He had become a symbol of America, in a class with the flag and the Constitution. A note approaching the religious pervaded the popular homage accorded him. At theatres and public gatherings the projection of his photograph was a signal for the crowd to rise and burst into song. Individuals who showed a soberer spirit were in peril of their lives. A schoolboy in New York who had dared to call him "Mr. Wilson" instead of "the President" was tried for unpatriotic conduct and, if I remember correctly, expelled from the institution. Even the late Theodore Roosevelt, who had enjoyed canonization in his own time, narrowly escaped ostracism for a period because of his persistent abuse of the administration and its policies.

And yet the bond between the President and the country was a pathetically slender and feeble one. The American people were irresistibly drawn toward the lunatic program of his antagonists, the super-patriots. Mr. Wilson was a hero, a symbol, an incarnation of the national spirit, a demi-god, or anything you choose. He was not the leader of the nation in the practical conduct of the war. His platform was noble unselfishness, the ultimate American faith, the hope of mankind. But it was not the light in which the mass of the people of the United States walked. You may call this contradiction if you like. But you won't if you know the first thing about the duality of the Occidental mind. In

Christendom the soul of man inhabits two separate spheres, and it moves from one to the other with the utmost freedom and without the smallest consciousness of inconsistency. It is the tradition of the Western World that idealism and the daily life should not be in each other's way. You have men who moil furiously in the gold-mill every day, who commit every infamy short of murder for an extra thousand a year, and who on Sunday repeat with piety and self-approval the statement that money is the root of all evil. Professional soldiers who march to war with joy in their hearts and a song on their lips, and glory in the regenerative virtue of their trade, bend the knee before the Prince of Peace and subscribe without a blush to the doctrine that the peace-makers shall be called the children of God. Nations which rob and murder one another proclaim their passionate faith in a gospel which teaches that men are brothers. Christian civilization is the heir of two mutually hostile ideas, which have never been wedded but dwell together on the understanding that they are to have exclusive mastery in their respective domains.

In a universe governed by consistency Mr. Wilson would have been either followed or silenced. The American people did neither. They could not follow him for a variety of reasons, presently to be examined. They did not silence him for the same reason that they did not close their churches on the day war was declared: they saw no disharmony between the things they were doing and the words he was saying. On the

contrary, they took vast pride in his fine principles. At the dinner table, in the clubs, at the bandage-winding bees his humanitarian utterances were contrasted with the feeble-minded ravings of the Kaiser, and it was agreed that Americans were a race of idealists and world-saviors. Thereupon it followed that the war must be fought with energy and passion to the bitter end, that Prussian militarism together with the German nation must be wiped off the earth, that German music must be driven from American opera and concert-hall, and the German language from American schools, that the German people were at once the helpless tools of a militaristic autocracy and responsible for the crimes of their rulers, that there could be no talk of peace until the Kaiser was deposed and that the treaty must be one of stern punishment to the nation which deposed him. Even our press gave prominence to the President's discourses and praised them for their nobility and their eloquence; and then, on the following page or even in adjacent columns, it abandoned itself to righteous anger against the seventy millions of Germans whom the President proclaimed to be the victims of their criminal masters and whom he assured of a share in the benefits of allied victory.

The American people, I say, were drawn irresistibly toward the imbecile program of smashing triumph and punitive peace. It seemed more patriotic, more vigorous, more American. If you ask me why it seemed more American, I reply that I have not the remotest idea. I suppose our notion of what is American is

much too sectarian. We glibly assume that the Revolutionary tradition is the whole of Americanism. But it is nothing of the kind. That is merely the window display. The Declaration of Independence is to Americanism what the Sermon on the Mount is to Christianity and what Greek art is to classical antiquity. America is indeed the land of Jefferson and Washington and Lincoln. But it is, among other things, also the land of Increase Mather and witch-burning, of pioneering and negro slavery, of Joseph Smith and Walt Whitman, of Mrs. Eddy and Thomas Edison, of provincialism and internationalism, of Big Business and the Non-Partisan League, of the I. W. W. and the Ku Klux Klan. Why is Lincoln a sublimated Sunday-go-to-meeting ideal and Mr. Ralph Easley red-blooded stuff? Why is the I. W. W. wicked and alien, while the Ku Klux Klan is 100 per cent Americanism? I do not pretend to know. Why did the American people find Mr. James M. Beck and the *Outlook* more American than Mr. Wilson and the *New Republic?* I am at a loss to answer.

I can, however, make a few guesses.

In the first place the Wilson attitude was not human enough. It was too bloodless, too refined, too intellectual. The President stood off too loftily, he never condescended to pass the word "Hun" over his lips, he prided himself on his freedom from recrimination and abuse. He repeatedly begged the nation to resist passion, to conduct itself in a manner befitting the high principles it was defending. He never tired of insisting

on our friendship for the German people. It seemed a most academic kind of war he was waging.

Besides, the idea of fighting not only for peace but for the good of the enemy was inherently abstract, even paradoxical. The problem of permanent peace to which Mr. Wilson so directly addressed himself was the most complicated problem in international politics. The specter of Europe which he sought to lay to rest had scarcely been mentioned in the American demonologies. The horizontal frontiers of class and social philosophy, as opposed to the vertical divisions by state and nationality, were unfamiliar to our mid-century political thinking. What did it mean anyhow, an enemy and not an enemy? The Kaiser and Germany were one, and there could be no drawing lines between them. The German people were in the trenches—weren't they? —and in the airplanes and submarines and munition factories. They were patriotic. They fired the guns and shouted for victory; German professors issued statements defending in learned argument the doings of the war lord. The Reichstag, including the socialists, voted the budget demanded by the militarists, didn't they? Well, then, the responsibility for the war was the nation's, not alone the Kaiser's. The fine distinction between initiating a war and seeing it through once it was on, was too fine. To be sure, the Kaiser was an autocrat, and that might be taken to mean that his subjects were powerless and therefore guiltless. But then, why didn't they throw off the yoke?

In addition, Mr. Wilson was somewhat too confident. He was cursed with an autocratic mind, developed and hardened, no doubt, by his long career as a teacher. He neither altogether trusted the intelligence of the public, nor felt the need of its support. He enjoyed lecturing ex-cathedra, and the less he was understood the surer he was of his aptness and profundity. He was the President, not the man on the street; and international relations were the business of the chief executive. He knew how to get peace. The public might rejoice afterwards. Therefore he gave no attention whatever to the problem of educating the nation up to his aims. He read his addresses and felt his duty done; let the young people in the benches worry about digesting them. It seems never to have occurred to him that the fruition of his program depended on its being shared by the plain minds of plain people, that his utterances must be popularized, dramatized, cinematized, paragraphed, translated into the vernacular, reinterpreted in a thousand different ways, if they were to be carried out. He did not seem to realize that what the Kansas farmer and the Chicago clerk thought of the Fourteen Points was infinitely more important for his hopes and the hope of the world than what reply Counts Czernin and Hertling made to them.

Oh, yes, he did appoint a minister of propaganda, and he scarcely asked the gentleman whether he approved or even understood his chief's language. The minister was reputed an able propagandist; that was enough. What gospel he meant to propagate was im-

material. Whether by stupidity or something worse, Mr. Wilson's interpreter to the American people almost from the outset went over to the enemy. Mr. Wilson was for peace without victory. Mr. Creel believed in victory. He honestly opined his chief was indulging in idealistic piffle. The President insisted on friendship for the German people, and made overtures to them toward an alliance in the common cause against autocracy; the secretary for public interpretation screamed on the back covers of all the magazines, "Kill the Hun, Kill his Hope." The prophet told Congress he was for a peace of justice to all; his disciple interpreted that to mean the peace of the grave for seventy millions of Huns. Mr. Wilson was for a permanent ending of dissension in Europe. Mr. Creel was convinced, and did not mind who knew it, that that consummation could best be achieved by humiliating the largest, the most homogeneous, and the most progressive nation in the middle of the continent, and kicking it into thoughts of sweet revenge.

Mr. Wilson was apparently unaware of these little discrepancies between gospel and exegesis. He did not recommend to Attorney General Gregory the advisability of having Mr. Creel tried for treason to his chief, for misleading a whole country and for playing the fool with the peace of the world. He did not even dismiss him. Mr. Wilson was not interested in what the American people read or thought. The future of Europe need not worry so long as it rested on his well-meaning shoulders.

But that is not the whole story yet. What little of the drift of the Presidential philosophy did reach the popular ear was scarcely calculated to win approval. These abstractions and ideologies and paradoxes were not merely visionary. They were tainted and malodorous. This internationalistic buncombe, this talk of peace in war time, this fraternizing with the enemy,—what was it all? Why, it was the very stuff of the little coteries of parlor pacifists and socialists and radicals, of—heaven preserve us!—the unspeakable Russians. It was the mad defeatism of the Stockholm conferees, the seditious ravings of the British Labor Party, the veiled treason of the thousand and one little groups of peckers and doubters and whisperers. It was all alien and distasteful to the red-blooded common sense of sound Americanism.—There you have it. Call it comedy if you like. America, the torch-bearer of internationalism, had a horror of internationalism. The Republic of Jefferson and the Declaration and the Bill of Rights and Lincoln was distrustful of radicals. The nation which had sung "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier" while the world was being consumed in war, was shocked at pacifism!

And finally—the American people had to shout by way of heartening themselves. The war was an unpalatable dish; it could not be swallowed without snappy condiments. There was no real urge within; therefore one must resort to artificial stimulants. Seventy-five per cent of the nation—at a conservative estimate—disliked the idea of messing around in the

European cesspool. Hence seventy-five per cent must see the Kaiser burned in effigy at the cinemas to make their normally coursing blood boil. The prophetic visions issuing from the White House were too tame. They threatened to smother the little fire there was. I make no apology for this analysis. The nation which had passed over the invasion of Belgium and the *Lusitania* and the deportations was determined to keep out of Europe. The nation which had voted against war in November did not suddenly become militaristic in March. There had occurred nothing in those five months to compare with the enormities of the first year. The National Security League to the contrary notwithstanding, the American people were not much more for intervention in 1917 than in 1914.

But though America worshipped Mr. Wilson and tolerated his ideals, even to the extent of paying lip service to them, she did very effectually silence his followers and supporters. Before the war had progressed very far, standing behind the President had degenerated into a mobbing and hounding of all the sane and liberal people who tried to keep the aims for which we had entered the struggle clearly in front of them. I am not talking merely of the pacifists and conscientious objectors and socialists who declined to take part in the national enterprise at all. I have in mind chiefly the groups and the individuals and the public prints whose sole offense consisted in agreeing with the President and endeavoring to conduct themselves accordingly. I have in mind specifically a certain

weekly review which was regarded by all who understood the President's program as virtually his personal organ. It was eyed askance by the good patriots, and it had the struggle of its life to escape suppression at the hands of Mr. Wilson's own Postmaster General.

The publication, for instance, began toward the end of December, 1917, to agitate for a re-statement of war aims. Such a step had become urgently necessary because of the publication of the Allied secret treaties. The enemy governments were making good use of that windfall to bolster up the flagging morale of their peoples. A straightforward declaration from the President would nullify the advantage, serve to reassure the German and Austrian nations about the intentions of the Entente, and thus shorten the war. It might reassure Russia and keep her from signing a separate peace. Above all, America owed it to herself to make her own position clear. But the war-mad press and the by this time thoroughly demoralized country did not see it that way. A great shout went up. Those who urged re-statement were branded as defeatists, seditionists, disloyalists, pro-Germans and what not. There was but one war aim, cried the patriots, and that was complete victory. It never seemed to have occurred to any of them that victory so won, considering the objects for which America had intervened, was tantamount to defeat. On the eighth of January following, not more than a fortnight later, the President did restate America's aims, and both press and country changed their tune to more or less enthusiastic approval.

It became increasingly clear to all who had eyes to see that such a farcical state of affairs could have but one culmination. A country which treated its President's genuine supporters as "defeatists" and "disloyalists" and which rejected his aims when they were enunciated by the British Labor Party was sure to end up by rejecting the President himself. The farce was heading toward a tragic dénouement. America was in danger of defeat not on the battlefield but at home, not by the arms of the enemy but by the confusion of counsel among her own people. However the war might end, the peace was already lost to America. The nation which had assumed belligerency so as to make future wars impossible, and which now wildly called for "unconditional surrender" and "no negotiated peace" was no longer master of the situation or even of its own mind.

In several public addresses immediately after the armistice I attempted to dramatize this posture of affairs by imagining an allied delegation coming over to observe conditions in America at firsthand. Let us suppose the head of it to be M. Briand and the date January, 1918. The French premier has specifically instructed his representative to keep an eye open for the popular attitude toward the Presidential program. On his return home MM. Briand and Clemenceau have a short conference together.

Says the premier: "Well, are the Americans standing behind their President?"

"Not much," replies Briand, "that is to say, not at all."

"Whom is he speaking for, then?"

"I should say he was the spokesman of our masses and the German masses and the rank and file of Europe generally."

"But has Wilson no friends in his own country at all?"

"Oh, yes, but the majority of them are in jail, and the rest will be there very soon."

"Then there is nothing to worry about."

"I am inclined to believe not. I should put it even more strongly: If Wilson ever attempts to carry his program through he will be lynched by his own people."

Events have proven my imaginings scarcely fantastic.

Chapter VIII

Enter America, Exit Russia

THE United States declared war on the German autocracy in April. In March, less than a month before, the Russian people rose up and overthrew the Russian autocracy. The concurrence of the two events was something more than a curious coincidence. They both sprang out of the same historic motive. The Tsarism and the Kaisertum were on each side of the front the chief obstructions to a democratic conclusion of the struggle. The Prussian military clique was poisoning the legitimate aspirations of the German people; the Russian despotism had from the start perverted the purposes of the Western nations of the Entente. There could be no peace in Europe until both were out of the way. The United States took up arms to block the Kaiser in his imperialistic designs; the people of Russia were willing to risk civil war in order to purge the Allied cause of its imperialistic taint. The old republic of the West entered the war in order to secure a just peace; the new republic of the East was ready to abandon a war which it found to be out of keeping with its ideals. America broke with her traditional aloofness in European quarrels in order

to make an end to the world's chaos; Russia broke with her ancient institution of monarchy to attain the same end.

That was what the Russian Revolution, in its immediate and supreme phase, was about. I do not mean that it was a strike against war. The Russian people were not non-resisters. They did not rise up against their rulers because these had led them into a disastrous war. They rebelled because it had become clear to them that the aims for which the war was being waged were contrary to all that they wished and hoped for. They were quite ready, as we shall see in a moment, to go on with the struggle, providing it could be made to serve an end which would justify the sacrifice. They have since unmistakably shown that, despite exhaustion, starvation and war-weariness, they are more than willing to fight for the things which they hold dear—for their homes, their independence and their freedom.

What distinguished the Russian Revolution from all its European predecessors was not the fact that it was a social overturn. The French, the Christian and the Protestant revolutions went as deeply at the foundations of the established order as did the Russian. Nor was it remarkable in that it was the first attempt to strike a blow against the system of capitalist industry. In point of fact, it was nothing of the kind. The Marxian rationalization was an afterthought, an endeavor on the part of its leaders to deflect the currents of the upheaval into their own theoretical chan-

nels. In its economic aspects, it was primarily a peasant revolt. Russia was not industrialized sufficiently for a revolution against capitalism; its town proletariat was not numerous enough to give its own color to the movement. The peasant was the backbone of the revolution; it was he who dictated its policies. That is why in agrarian matters, in the land question, the Communist Republic was obliged to shelve its socializing program. The peasant was for a social revolution, but not, as far as his own keenest interests went, for a socialist one.

The novelty of the Russian experiment consisted, oddly enough, in this, that it was a political revolution. It was that wonderful thing which the pessimists and distrusters of democracy had been telling us could not happen—a revolt against the strangle-hold of diplomats and their friends on the throat of Europe, a rebellion of the common man against the cynical demon which treats human beings with souls and fathers of families like clay pigeons, and makes democracy in the Old World a mockery. It was a political struggle because it aimed straight at the heart of politics, as politics is understood in Europe—against the iniquities of the chancellery.

In this its central motive the Russian upheaval had more kinship with the American experiment than with any of its European forerunners. It carried forward, and into a fresh field, the tradition of the New World. It put its shoulder to the same task which the pioneers of the Western wilderness had attacked a century and

a half before. There was only this difference. The American Revolution was a departure from the European system. By its fortunate geographical position the new commonwealth beyond the Atlantic could simply withdraw from participation in a scheme which it loathed. The Russians carried the American idea home to Europe. It was the difference between the European emigrant who abandons his home to go seeking liberty and self-government in the United States, and the Chinese student who carries the American example back home with him and makes a revolution with it. America gave up Europe as hopeless and set up a home for itself according to its own ideas; Russia tried her hand at making Europe itself over.

The Russian Revolution demonstrated that the faith of those who hoped for a new international order in the world rested on a solid foundation in the hearts of common men. It showed that the European malady was not incurable, that when European peoples have the opportunity to express their wills they are capable of acting generously and in a spirit of large internationalism. The Russians were the first Europeans who, by virtue of a successful revolution, had placed themselves in a position to determine for themselves and without dictation from diplomats and militarists, their conduct toward other nations; and at the earliest moment they showed where their hearts were by proceeding in the American way, in accordance with the aims of President Wilson.

The Russians were as good as their faith. They were not content to wait till the war was ended. They set to work immediately. They were Europeans. They knew the Evil that was wrecking their world by intimate contact. They had felt its terrifying breath for centuries; they had been face to face with its horrors for three unspeakable years. They knew that the war was being prolonged and the issue endangered by secret imperialistic aims. They had opened the Tsar's desk-drawers and seen the kind of democracy and rights of small nations the Entente was proposing to give to Europe. Therefore they proceeded without delay to do their part toward democratizing the struggle, toward eliminating bones of contention, toward shortening the war, toward destroying the bases of future trouble. They set an example to their allies. They proclaimed by direct action to all the world that they were seeking no kind of aggrandizement out of the calamity which had overtaken the nations. They were indeed ready to fight on to get rid of other autocrats and imperialists —in Germany, in Austria and elsewhere—but they would not waste a rouble or a soldier on markets, concessions or territories which were the property of other peoples. They would not continue the bloody business for one minute to make Constantinople a Russian port. They renounced Constantinople without further ado. They told Poland that as far as they were concerned she could have her independence right off, victory or no victory. They invited all the peoples of the Tsar's

empire to set up housekeeping for themselves, if they wished to. They even went to the length of renouncing Russia's share of the Boxer indemnity.

It was not the Communist or any other party which did all this. It was a European people in rebellion against the system which was destroying Europe and the world. Kerensky or Lenin or a constitutional king, or no matter whom the Russians chose to trust with their new-found power, would have had to do exactly the same. The Russian people had found themselves. There is no time like a revolution for lighting up the heavens and making the common man conscious of his power and his goal. Kerensky did not catch the voice of his masters, or he tried to thwart their will. They dismissed him and put Lenin in his place. We have the good authority of Mr. Raymond Robbins for the fact that the Russians were ready to fight on. They merely demanded that their allies follow the Russian example, that instead of repeating vague phrases they declare their purposes without ambiguity and proceed immediately to give effect to them.

When the Entente governments refused to show their colors and give hostages to the faith they professed, there was no other course for Russia but to prove her sincerity and pull out of the diabolical business altogether. But before casting the die finally, she made one last attempt to save the situation. She turned to the greatest of the Allied powers, to the one nation whose motives were as taintless as Russia's, with the plea that the common cause be purged of its

iniquity and thus avoid the defection of the new republic.

The Russians said to America:

"You at least, we are convinced, have no imperialistic ends to serve. You are neither a ruffian nor a hypocrite. You are not fighting for colonies and indemnities and markets and the Rhine and the domination of the continent. You are seeking a satisfactory conclusion to this monstrous slaughter. You want the kind of peace which will prevent a repetition of it. You are the oldest international power, and we are the youngest. We two have the same purpose in view.

"Well, then, listen to us. Do not be an innocent. We are Europeans. We understand this game better than you. You are wasting precious blood and hard-earned dollars on a mirage. And you are running the terrible risk by your provincial trustfulness of leaving Europe worse off than you found her. Crusading and idealism and all that are fine things. Do not go thrusting them before profligates and mockers. You do not know this gang. We do. We only the other day caught a platoon of them in our own place, and you know what we did with them. We found some interesting papers on them, which show beyond the peradventure of a doubt that these saintly allies of ours are about as different from their friends in the enemy camp as a shoe is from its mate, which is to say it is exactly the same only on the other foot.

"Now, then, if your protestations of peace and justice and democracy, and all the rest of it, are as honest as we believe they are, you will do one of two things. We have already offered our allies the simple choice of re-

pudiating the aims contained in the secret treaties or losing Russia's co-operation. The only satisfaction we got was to be told we were not democrats.

"Maybe you'll have better luck. Try it.

"The choice is this: Either you will secure a repudiation of the secret engagements from your allies, or you'll clear out of Europe and repudiate your allies.

"They cannot very well refuse to revise their war aims. Their defense in making the secret treaties is that the Tsar would not otherwise join up. Well, the Tsar is now quietly resting in the mountains, and we, his successors, have shown quite clearly where we stand. But whether they wish to turn over a new leaf or not, they will have to if you talk plainly to them, and back up your sentiments with the proofs that you mean business. They treat us lightly because they think we are pretty well done up. But they'll listen to you. You are their last reliance for success. If you should drop out, those solemn agreements of theirs wouldn't be worth framing as mementoes.

"Besides, you owe it to mankind and to your own honor to see that the victory you are making possible is used for the humanitarian purposes you and the European peoples desire. More than that, you are bound by sacred duty to act. Your entry into this contest has imposed obligations and responsibilities upon you. As long as you were neutral, you were a free agent. You could if you chose hold aloof from the settlement as you held aloof from the war. You could treat the entire business as a private affair of Europe's. But you are no longer a free agent. You are taking a hand in deciding how the war should end. You *must* take a hand in seeing that it is sealed by the right kind of peace.

You have made solemn engagements—with the enemy peoples, and with the allied peoples, too. You cannot in justice take a chance on your promises being flouted by your partners.

"You see, if you had stayed home, the situation would be entirely different. To begin with, we, Russia, would in that case hold the balance of power, the casting vote. The allies now hold us cheap because they have got you with your enormous resources in men and material. They would be courting us assiduously at this moment if they did not have you. And we would not, you may rest assured, stand on any more ceremony with them where the peace of Europe is concerned than we do now. We would offer them the alternative of a clean peace or certain defeat. But they do not consider defeat certain with you at their side.

"And there is something more: the secret treaties of the Entente have been known, in general outline at least, among the enemy peoples for some time. We shall do our best now to convey to them the full text. The victory, as you have so often said yourself, depends as much on the conversion of the German people to our views as on the guns and the men under allied command. With you back there in America, the statesmen of the Entente would be obliged to go to all kinds of lengths in their efforts to detach the German masses from their leaders. And to carry conviction, fair phrases would not be enough. There would have to be some unequivocal action, something very closely resembling a contract with the enemy nations that their discontinuance of the struggle would ensure them a fair peace—in round terms, a peace without victory. Do you see now how very vastly you have complicated matters by your participation on

one side of the contest? Do you not see that the days of lofty philanthropy are over for you, that you are now a party to this infernal business, and that unless you are either a simpleton or a knave, you must compel your associates to stand by your commitments? Will you be a meddler or a savior?

"We make this offer to you because in your case the democratic program is the official policy of a nation and a government. You can abandon the war without being shot for treason. To the British Labor Party and the socialists of Germany and France—who share your aims and ours—we cannot talk in the same tones. They are but private people. They are in the hands of the diplomats. We can only invite them to follow our example—to overthrow the militarists and imperialists who send them to death for criminal ends, and then join with you and us to bring about the new order. But we cannot be too exacting with the internationalists of the belligerent powers. They must act in their own time and manner. Revolutions cannot be made at somebody else's bidding. They involve the life and death of millions of people. You were lucky enough to have made your revolution ages ago. You, and we, have nothing to lose by acting in accordance with our professed principles, and you have your own salvation and the eternal gratitude of mankind to gain.

"The time to act, we must repeat with all possible emphasis, is *now*. Do not go around pretending to yourself that you can convert the chancelleries of Europe by argument. The only argument they will understand is force. It is sheer madness to say that you cannot bargain with friends while the sword is over their heads. The mere fact that it is necessary to bargain with them

raises a doubt whether they are your friends. Your alliance with them rests on a presumed communion of purpose. Therefore if the ends they seek are not your ends—as their secret commitments show—there is no communion. The real guaranty at present of a common purpose lies precisely in the fact that the sword is over their heads. Your strength is in your army *and in the German army.* Once the enemy's power is destroyed, your bargaining power is gone. As soon as peace is on the carpet, they won't care a straw about your sentiments, because they won't need you any more. Most important of all, your own people are very likely to have lost their heads by that time. With the victory won, your ideals will be swamped in the rejoicing."

How was this straightforward challenge received in America? The answer is: in two ways. There were two Americas. Nothing that had happened before so clearly revealed the tragic chasm which had opened between the nation and its spokesman. Our organs of opinion almost in a body did not approve of the kind of revolution and the kind of republic the Russian people had chosen for themselves. They solemnly echoed the quaint reply of the French foreign office: they declared that Russia was not a democracy. The Tsardom, by contrast, had been a government by the people on the best Jeffersonian model. Nicholas II had ruled by virtue of the authority vested in him by the constituent assembly permanently sitting in the fortress of Peter and Paul.

Our powerful little groups who had from the start

relieved the President of the burdensome duty of leading the country and had left him the much more agreeable task of preaching internationalism to the masses of Europe, were of the same mind as the press. They found the whole revolution business too high-handed. A republic which started out by deposing a perfectly legitimate emperor without consulting his wishes in the matter, would never in the world govern with the consent of the governed.

Then followed Mr. Creel, the President's chief apostle to the heathen. He had an original inspiration, which like all the inspirations of genius, revealed the truth that lay on the surface. The Russian Revolution was an immense boon—temporarily—to Germany. Moreover, the Kaiser had granted Lenin a free passage across his territory. Was it not clearer than day that the new republic was a mere Prussian plot to weaken the allies? (By the same logic a gentleman of the Cloth later proved that the upheaval was as a matter of fact the doing of a Jewish conspiracy.) But Mr. Creel was not content with mere surmises. His was a scientific mind. He would commit himself to no hasty conclusions. He would investigate the facts. He dispatched a trusted envoy to conduct researches, and, sure enough, it was as he had feared. The envoy brought back the goods on the Revolution—a batch of preposterous documents, which even the reactionary press of England had long ago repudiated as stupid forgeries, and which a college freshman could have punctured full of holes on first reading.

The mass of the American people, as a matter of course, followed suit, now as all along. They were so put out with the new government for practicing what America was preaching, for furnishing the inexperienced New World with an example of how the malady of the Old must be dealt with, that they transferred the greater part of their war-animus from the German people to the Russian. They consigned the bolsheviks to a traitor's hell for abandoning "democracy" in its great battle for life, without for an instant thinking it worth while to ask whether the Russian method was not the more likely to bring America to her goal than her own trustful scheme of blank checks to the order of European chancelleries tempered by exhortation to their peoples. And the displeasure with the Russians did not stop at the soviets. The time soon came when Americans flung Tolstoy and Turgenev out of their libraries as indignantly as they had earlier expelled Goethe and Lessing.

Meanwhile President Wilson saw in the Russian Revolution the hope of Europe. He addressed the Fourteen Points speech directly to the Russian people, which could hardly carry conviction, since it merely expressed the hopes of America as to the results to be gained by the war, and these the Russians had never questioned. He promised the new republic help and support. He told the whole world that "the treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests and

of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy." His whole thought was for a time absorbed by what he recognized to be the most stupendous and the most beneficent event of contemporary history. He sent warm greetings to the Congress of Soviets, even after Russia had made good her warning and dropped out of the war (March 11, 1918). And he consistently opposed every attempt of the Allies at coercion and dismemberment of Russia. Only one thing he could not do. He could not follow the suggestion of the revolutionists. Whether or not he was aware as early as this that the leadership at home had slipped from his hands, he could not but realize how fantastically hopeless it would be to try to carry the opinion of the country with him in a belated attempt to force definite guarantees out of the Entente statesmen, let alone retreating from Europe. The vast concentrated opposition to a re-statement of war aims was fresh in everyone's memory. It was too late. Yet the loss of Russia was for America's purposes fraught with the gravest danger. He tried desperately to prevent such a calamity. He made counter-proposals. He begged the Russians, in round terms, to form an alliance with America within the Entente, a sort of democratic bloc. He virtually said to them:

As you say, you and we are the only powers in the anti-German coalition sincerely working for a just and permanent peace. But the way you propose to go about securing it is impossible. At least it is over-pessimistic. And surely there is another alternative.

I am very keenly aware of the bitter need of your exhausted country for immediate peace. But with the Kaiser still on his horse and the Japanese and other folks whom it would not be in good taste to mention, are you likely to have it by this short cut? You say we are innocent. Aren't you a little naïve, too? You won't get peace by withdrawing from this war. If you really could carry out your dream of a European revolution, well, possibly. But until that happens—and we do not propose to help you in that program—the obstacles which we came over all the way from America to get out of the way will remain. Russia cannot have peace until Europe has peace, and that means until the present war is finished in the right way.

Now then, what we propose is this: Hold on a little longer. Stay with us to the end. We shall take over most of your burdens. We are fresh. Our resources are untouched. Our people are as eager to get in as you are to get out. Just keep your membership up. There won't be much you could actually do. So what harm will it do you to call yourself an Ally?

We are asking you to do this for your sake and for the sake of the great hope we both have so close to our hearts. But, to be quite frank, we are thinking principally of ourselves. If you stick, we two can, with the aid of the unofficial internationalists, pull the diplomats along. Your defection at this stage would dash everything. It would be in its effect a move in favor of the imperialists. Just look at the lay of things: One result of your withdrawal might be a German victory. You certainly cannot want such a catastrophe. You know the kind of peace on earth and good will to men Hindenburg is laying up for the world. Still, that is not the chief danger. In all probability we and the

Entente will manage to extricate ourselves without you. But what will that profit us? Imperialism and all the rest of the miserable villainy won't commit hari-kari on the Kaiser's grave. The fierce struggle will begin when we pull in our chairs at the peace table. And with you out of it, we shall be isolated. Your desertion is throwing us to the wolves of Paris and London. We implore you, therefore, to suffer a little longer, so as to save us and mankind, not from military defeat by Germany, but from ruin at the hands of our allies.

There was no use prolonging the discussion. The negotiations were without solid bottom. Wilson was representing nobody. The Russians knew he could not speak for France. The world was soon to know he was not speaking for America. The Russians were determined to have peace. The people of the United States were for going on with the war. Russia put her faith in world revolution. A hundred million Americans put their trust in Clemenceau. The fate of Europe was sealed.

PART THREE
VICTORY WITHOUT PEACE

Chapter IX

Too Much Victory

IN due time the end came. The super-patriots, the munition rings, the Hun-baiters, the paranoiacs who had enjoyed the war as a stimulating spectacle, were greatly disappointed. It had not lasted nearly long enough. The victory seemed such a small weak thing beside that which they had screwed themselves up to expect. The promised invasion of Germany had not materialized, with the consequence that Europe had got barely singed. Vienna and Munich, Sofia and Constantinople, were untouched, no German women had been violated, no Austrian children's hands had been cut off. Call that a victory!

The little handfuls in all the countries who had striven to keep their heads had their own presentiments. The triumph had come so suddenly. It was so sweeping. With Austria in collapse, with Germany in revolution, with the armies of the Central Powers retreating under allied orders, was there not some danger that the victory would go to the heads of the Entente, that the settlement would be the usual dictated peace which settles nothing? The enemy seemed so utterly stripped of the power to negotiate. The future of Europe was

completely in the hands of the winners. What, judging by the experience of history, were they likely to make of it?

Yet there was much ground for hope. It did not seem possible that after the long, intense, democratic-international agitation, the diplomats, however unregenerate in their hearts, would dare to flout the quivering aspirations of the peoples. The fate of the Tsar and the Kaiser was too fresh in the memories of the foreign offices. The Russian storm was threatening to break over all Europe. The victorious countries were as exhausted as the vanquished. The shadow of defeat had hung over them till the last moment. Above all, there was America! The great republic was, for all her taking sides, fundamentally a neutral, a sort of big brother to Europe. By her history, her racial composition, her international traditions, her geographical position, and in particular by the heartening spirit she had injected into the struggle, she was destined to play the rôle of the principal arbitrator. She was at once the least injured in her resources, the dominant influence in the councils of the Entente, and the most disinterested, the sanest, the least intoxicated of the victors.

Moreover, the defeat of the disturber had been achieved in the main by the moral forces in the world. Without minimizing the share of straight force in the result, without belittling the glory of Foch's legions and the British blockade, it was clear to every one that the war would have been indefinitely prolonged and

the issue jeopardized but for the imponderables arrayed on the side of the allies—the widespread belief in the superiority of their cause, the prophetic candor and vision of President Wilson, the revealing idealism of the Russian Revolution and the mortal blow it had dealt the prestige of autocracy, not least the tacit adherence of the liberal elements and impulses of the German nation itself. Surely the peace-makers could not be utterly indifferent to these their true allies, to the hopes and sacrifices of common men everywhere, to Europe's tragic need.

It is safe to say that seldom in the history of wars had a conference gathered under such favorable circumstances. Its opportunities were unparalleled, its powers were unlimited, the eyes of all the world were converged upon it, the blessings of all mankind went out to it. And yet, and yet——

To the man on the street the conference was a meeting between the parties to the late quarrel to adjust their differences. No matter what his sentiments were about the guilt or guiltlessness of the foe, what punishment he hoped to see meted out or what spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation he hoped would prevail, the gathering as he conceived it was but the final phase of the contest between victor and vanquished. What else could it be? All praise to his honest innocence! He had been brought up in a morality in which enemies, however bitter and violent their feud, were in the end bound to get together and make peace. Nowhere outside the romances of crime had he

ever heard of men being indicted, tried, condemned and their goods confiscated without an opportunity to defend themselves, let alone without being present.

The more sophisticated and more optimistic outsider took an even larger view of the long-awaited conference. This had been no ordinary war between a couple of nations, and therefore this was no ordinary meeting to straighten it out. The whole world had been involved, the whole world must be reconstructed and reconciliated. So much had been said about a new order in the affairs of mankind, so great was the need of some fresh orientation, that no mere gathering of premiers and foreign secretaries could begin to do the work. The conclave of the diplomats was a mere preliminary, a setting of the stage. The real conference was yet to come, and it would be, in round terms, nothing less than the Constituent Assembly of the World. It would consist of the elected delegates not only of the nations which had been at war, but of all nations. It would be essentially a neutral impartial body. It would concern itself little with the war or even with the problems left over by the war. The task before it was infinitely greater than that. It must dedicate itself to the reorganization of mankind on a new basis, to the promulgation of a constitution for the world state, to the ordering of human affairs with a view to permanent peace. This was hardly an enterprise for a few months. The most that it could be expected to accomplish immediately would be to organ-

ize itself, take over the reins of power from the diplomats and return them to their minor duties of local government, disarm the various national forces, and proclaim a temporary peace on the basis of 1914.

Alas! the main body of the men at Paris assembled with no such outlook or intentions. Even the cynics were much too sanguine. The business of the conference was not primarly to punish the vanquished and to carve up the world afresh. This last had been done long ago, in the Pact of London and in many subsequent pacts. What remained to be accomplished in these directions was a matter of detail. The maps had been drawn up, the bills of indemnity neatly reckoned up by each of the chancelleries, the various national programs had been compared and the differences between the (then prospective) conquerors ironed out. Along with the many war councils there had been throughout the war numerous inter-allied "peace" councils, conversations and a voluminous diplomatic correspondence designed to keep the terms to be presented to the vanquished abreast of the constantly changing situation. One has but to think of the swiftness with which the armistice was concluded to become convinced that if the mere division of the loot had been all that the victors had had to do, the conference would have been a mere formality, lasting barely a few weeks.

The task before the European diplomats of the Entente was of an entirely different kind. Paris was, indeed, a continuation of the war on another front—

and between new foes. The Germans were done for, out of it, forgotten. The struggle now reduced itself to the single issue whether the triumph should be Europe's over her common enemy, or the chancelleries' over Europe; whether the peace should be a democratic peace based on the public program which had kept the allied peoples fighting and which had induced the German people to lay down their arms, or a conqueror's peace based on the secret agreements; whether the defeat of the Kaiser should be made the occasion of permanently laying the ancient specter of Europe's disorder to rest, or whether it should be made the grave of the distracted German nation and of the profoundest hopes of the common men of all Europe.

It was a tragically uneven contest, this new struggle. The ancient foe of European solidarity was very fully represented. His proxies packed the conference room. The newly awakened hope of the nations had but one solitary spokesman, and he was not even a properly accredited delegate, nor as much as a European. He was the President of the United States. He had no official standing as the representative of mankind; he was merely its anointed seer. What power he had to negotiate came to him from his nominal constituency beyond the ocean, and the mandate which that constituency had shackled him with was in effect that he should vote on the side of the enemy!

The Clemenceaus and Lloyd Georges and Orlandos surveyed the ground very carefully, and came to the obvious enough conclusion that they had the inside

grip on their adversary. They did not fail to read the moral of the recent Senate election in America, which in parliamentary usage amounted to turning Wilson out of power. What is more important, they were not unaware that that vote of no confidence was but the open and final breach. The divergence between America's will and her spokesman was of old standing. It had been quietly but progressively widening throughout the war. Therefore Mr. Wilson had his alternatives: he could be good; or, if he chose to be so foolhardy, he could bolt the conference—and face the music at home.

However, while there could be no thought of yielding to his preposterous program, it was the better part of diplomacy not to drive him to extremities. This for a number of reasons. It was true that America had cast him off; and that was a God-sent lever with which to hoist him to reason. But, on the other hand, it was no good shutting one's eyes to the terrifyingly huge influence he wielded over the hearts and imaginations of the European peoples—the nominal constituencies of Clemenceau et al. These followers of his, to be sure, had no direct means of exerting pressure, no parliamentary channel for making their wills effective, but they could always resort to the well-tried weapon of revolution. An open disagreement was to be avoided—not, as the wiseacres opined, because it might encourage the caged Germans, who had about as much voice in the proceedings as did the Tsar—but because it might provoke a lot of irksome debates

outside, perhaps precipitate something more disconcerting yet. The prudent course was to try to conciliate and reassure Europe by winning over her prophet. In the privacy of the star-chamber the procedure need not necessarily be in the strictest sense conciliatory; one might convert him by argument, by subterfuge, by log-rolling, by frightening him with horrendous menaces (the revolutionary weapon luckily was two-edged), at need by more or less veiled threats. But Europe would know nothing of all this. It would merely know that Wilson was sitting in, that he was presumably setting his stamp of approval upon the peace, that he had decided it was the best peace that could be had.

Thus the Constituent Assembly of Mankind from the start degenerated into an uneven contest between the massed forces of the old diplomacy and the lone representative of the new order, the President of the United States striving against overwhelming odds to save some fragment of his honor and the good name of America, the team of hocus-pocus artists laboring to make an imperialistic peace of the familiar type look like the Fourteen Points. This was what the Great War—the war on war and imperialism, the war for democracy and civilization, for justice and a better place to live in—had culminated in.

The result was inevitable. The spirit in which the war had been fought, especially in America, made any other culmination impossible. The moment America succumbed to the malady of Europe the democratic pro-

gram was foredoomed. The ideals for which America nominally entered the war, and which Wilson now vainly struggled to redeem, were utterly out of harmony with the victorious temper which possessed the American people and the majority of the delegates assembled at Paris. A peace of all-round justice and reconciliation was by its very nature advantageous to the defeated. It meant a weak peace. It robbed victory of its prizes. To resist the temptation of conquest, of indemnities, of annexations, was to acquit the fallen foe. The whole plan of reorganizing and rebuilding Europe was a move in favor of Germany, an attempt to let the Hun off. The diplomats were out for conquest, the American people wanted the Germans punished; therefore the diplomats and America were in accord. The President of the United States was for saving the wreckage, Germany was part of the wreckage; therefore Wilson was pro-German.

But the democratic program was in the record. It had become the official statement of allied war-aims. It was a solemn pledge to the world and the disarmed foe. It was a contract with the German people, on the basis of which they had assented to dismiss their war lords, to end the struggle, to put themselves wholly and helplessly in the hands of their opponents. The spirit of that program animated the armistice agreement. It was on that understanding that America had officially joined the Entente and made the victory possible. The allied peoples, the victims of the war on both sides, the common men and women everywhere, ex-

pected it to be carried out. Very well, then, said the diplomats, there is nothing for it but to bow to the inevitable. But *bow,* nothing more. The peace shall be a militaristic, imperialistic, punitive, victor's peace on the time-honored model—since nothing else is thinkable or admissible—but if so it must be, it shall be decked out in the ethereal robes and the halo and the virginal innocence of the New Order.

It is this masquerading, this callous playing with the hopes of mankind as with balls, this nauseating hypocrisy in the midst of tragedy that makes the Paris settlement a stench in the nostrils of God and honest men. A violent and reactionary peace might have been endurable. There have been too many of them. The betrayal of a crushed and helpless nation is nothing new in the world. But the Congress of Vienna and Brest-Litovsk held under joint auspices and announced as a Quaker meeting is a rare novelty. Yet I cannot see how the tragi-comedy was to be avoided. The position of the diplomats reinforced by an irreconcilable, war-fevered American people shouting with thumbs down, was impregnable. The enemy was too helpless to resist, or even to negotiate. Wilson was isolated. None the less the ideals proclaimed from America and eagerly grasped in Europe had, in a measure, to be reckoned with. Some sort of a sop must be flung the bedraggled program of democracy.

In all justice it should be said that Clemenceau and Orlando and the Japanese were as honest men as any German Junker. Clemenceau was a logical, disil-

lusioned Frenchman. The Italians had never subscribed to the internationalistic buncombe. The Japanese had frankly repudiated it as far as their aims in the war were concerned. They had submitted the twenty-one demands to China while the struggle was at its height. The realistic group would have infinitely preferred to be straightforward now, to be unhobbled by a lot of romantic promises which no statesman worth his salt had ever dreamed could be kept. They had loathed the whole sentimental democratic propaganda during the fighting, because it threatened victory with emasculation. They hated it all the more now, because victory having been won, and won largely by that very sanctimonious propaganda, one was constrained to pay homage to it and to strangle it at the same time. That was where the Kaiser had been lucky. He was the boss of his outfit. But France and Italy had allies—nations which in resources and recuperating power were more than their equals. There was Lloyd George, a diplomat like the rest, reared in the best traditions of the European chancellery, but cursed with that Anglo-Saxon mania of never being content to perform a necessary, manly deed unless the world was called to witness it was for the glory of Heaven. Worse yet, there was Wilson. He was not even a diplomat, did not seem to have the faintest notion that international affairs were not religion. He was the Anglo-Saxon gone to seed; he really meant to dedicate the old game of grab and intrigue to the service of the Lord. What else was one to do but to bathe the

green baize and the gold lace and everything in the soft light of peace on earth and good will to men?

So the old order was wedded to the new. Both programs entered into the settlement. An unholy union, if you like, a somewhat unequal partnership. But clever men know how to shake oil and spirits into an emulsion, how to overcome handicaps and convert them into advantages. The diplomats will gorge at the feast, Wilson will pronounce the blessing. The tablets of the law will be cracked straight across the middle; and the romantic bride will get all the "Thou shalt nots," while the old profligate keeps the indulgences, which will be as sacred as ever but unburdened with the irksome negatives.

There will be dismemberment of the enemy, in accordance (more or less) with the principle of nationality. There will be strategic frontiers under the caption of mutual guarantees. Indemnities will be called reparations; colonial land-grabs will be sanctified as mandates under the League of Nations; a new encirclement of the foe under the label of self-determination. And so on all the way through. Who said the two programs were mutually exclusive?

The curtain rose on the League of Nations. Wilson so insisted, for reasons which we shall look into more closely later on. Now, with the conference constituted as it was, the League which Wilson desired was for a hundred reasons a sheer dream. I shall examine some of these reasons elsewhere. For the moment it need only be pointed out that an international organiza-

tion of the kind conceived and urged by Mr. Wilson would in effect have neutralized the triumph of the Entente over the Central Powers. Its creation would have been tantamount to that old idea of the President's—a peace without victory. It would have meant that Europe itself, not a group of belligerents, had won the war. A league of peoples was nothing more nor less than the ancient goal of the chancelleries, the hegemony of the continent, even of the earth, but a hegemony by voluntary, democratic consent, not by conquest and the makeshift of imperialism. It would have scattered all the schemes and dreams of the foreign offices into the thin air. It has been said that certain of the delegates fought the idea of such a League. In my opinion, that is pure nonsense. Why should they fight it? It had not a chance in the world. They very likely opposed it because it was under the circumstances too preposterous to waste good time on. But ere long they ceased to laugh at it, and became its devoted supporters. It not only gave Wilson and his following their heart's desire. It suddenly dawned on the diplomats that it could be made to serve a realistic end, the most realistic end of all. It could be made to perpetuate the alliance of the victors and to underwrite, to sanctify the imperialistic settlement. In this hope, as we know, they were disappointed; but that could not be foreseen.

Having converted the league to common sense, the conferees settled down to carve up the earth in accordance with those real war-aims of the Entente which

were being kept up to date while Mr. Wilson was issuing the constitution of the New Order from Washington. The secret treaties, it must be kept in mind, were not entirely directed against the enemy. The booty which was to be divided up was to a very considerable extent the property of people who had had nothing to do with starting the war, who were not even belligerents. Some of it belonged to the very small nations on whose behalf the Entente was so generously sacrificing itself; much of it was the territory of allies, like Serbia and China. But these pre-conference agreements did not go far enough, and owing to the suddenness and completeness of the triumph, they were not quite up to date, after all. Then, it was suddenly remembered. Why, true enough, Wilson had made a point of self-determination; the allies themselves had said something, in those far-off days, about the rights of small nations being one of the chief aims of the war. So pledges are pledges, and honorable statesmen would not dream of not redeeming them,—all the more as that sacred principle fitted in so conveniently with some other aims not so loudly proclaimed. There were, for instance, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania and Poland. They must be self-determined. Their national liberation would not only sound well in Wilson's ears; it would perform a useful function in the process of looking idealistic. It would, in fact, do two useful things, perhaps three. It would not only weaken Germany by utterly annihilating Austria-Hungary, Germany's principal ally; it would make, in addi-

tion, such a perfect circle on the eastern flank of Germany, the nearest substitute one could devise to replace the Russian humpty-dumpty.

To be sure, when you got all through dismembering the dual empire, you still had left the carcass of German-Austria—a people Teutonic in blood, language, Kultur and aspiration. No matter how many slices of them you shaved away to plaster on Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Italy, they still remained. And you could not consistently deny them a little self-determination. Oh, well, consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. (An American, too, said that.) Besides, to allow the Austro-Germans to unite with their kin of the Reich would be to go counter to another well-known war-cry of the Entente, and an idealistic one at that. It would be to fling seven million nice people into the jaws of Prussian militarism. Doubtless carping folk will remind one that Prussian militarism was on the dust-heap. This was a conference of the Entente victorious. Germany was now a disarmed republic. In that case one will have to explain. One will be obliged to go to the bother of demonstrating how a republic may in reality be a Kaisertum in disguise, how disarmament may not disarm. Of that, more presently.

Next came reparations. Here was the fatted goose in the order of the courses. Let grace be said and Heaven be thanked that Wilson had missed the main point in that connection; else he might have cooked the allies' goose, golden eggs and all. It was rather

surprising that as an American he had missed it. It was obvious enough. The war was a European civil war. It had been made by no one in particular and by everybody in general. It was an eruption of an old volcano. It was a general European catastrophe, and all the nations on both sides of the front had suffered unspeakably in one way or another. The North of France was not the only war-theater which had been wrecked in the operations. There were many others—Serbia, Galicia, Poland, Bukowina, not to mention them all. Hence if Europe had gone on a tear, Europe ought to repair the damage—all Europe, not the heirs of a single malefactor who had had the ill-luck to be trapped.

Well, happily the prophet and conscience of the Entente had overlooked that. But he had made a lot of other reckless commitments which—the war being still on, and the opinion of mankind in general and of the war-weary nations in particular still counting—his allies had been constrained to approve. He had said again and again that the settlement would be just to both sides, that the cause we were defending was as much the German people's as their enemies', and he had even appropriated the Russian formula of no punitive indemnities. Clearly that was too wild a promise for practical men with victory as well as the President of the United States in their pockets to take literally. One must look about and see what might be done. For the moment, at any rate, there were the Fourteen Points and the armistice terms.

They at least unequivocally recognized the principle of reparations. The only task remaining was to stretch the idea to the limit.

It was a simple enough task. Reason was this time not on the side of the angels. The diplomats could persuade Mr. Wilson with perfect candor. For the moment you admit the justice of reparations you inevitably open the way to old-fashioned, imperialistic indemnities, precisely as once you go to war you blur the distinction between defensive and offensive aims, between moral and aggressive motives. Only sentimentalists will talk about civilized and barbaric warfare. All war is barbaric, because war is a breakdown of law and civilized methods of adjusting differences. War is not a mere athletic spectacle in which referees watch by the lines and rush in to call "Halt" when the rules are overstepped. The entire game is a denial of the very notion of rules. A nation fighting for its life, murdering and being murdered, is not going to kill with land-guns and stop at air-guns, kill combatants and spare non-combatants. In war all the people of the enemy are combatants, those who make ammunition, and those who mine coal and run trains, and the women who release the bank clerk for the army—yes, those who nurse wounded soldiers back to the front and those who refrain from eating beef on Wednesday, equally with those who fire the shells from the hidden guns.

Just so there is no distinction between reparations and indemnities. They mean the same thing in the

dictionary and in principle. If Germany was to be made to pay for mines and factories and houses destroyed in a general European war, there could be no logical objection to making her pay for widows' and mutilated soldiers' pensions (General Smuts's argument), for tonnage sunk by submarines (also included in the peace treaty) and for a great assortment of other things, such as the time of men and women diverted from peaceful employment, for the food and munitions consumed by the forces, for the surgical services to the mutilated, and for the lives of those killed directly or indirectly in the war. If there was any equity in the claim that Germany ought to repair the damage in Northern France from a European war because it was Germany's war, then there was in fact no ground for not requiring Germany to pay for all other damages resulting from the same war, including the trade standstill and unemployment in England (which, as is now justly pointed out, is Britain's devastated region), and the property of Russian nobles exiled by the Revolution.

In short, the principle of reparations touched the reality: The Germans must pay indemnities, not because they initiated the war, but because they lost it. Had they won it, the boot would have been on the other foot. This is the kind of ethic we, the crown of creation, the civilized white nations of the Occident, have made for ourselves. Might makes right. In the Russian barracks when a soldier stole his comrade's boots, he was, I am told, always reminded that

he was being flogged not for his turpitude in stealing but for his clumsiness in being caught. The squatter, the man who seizes land and sits on it, is the rightful owner. Most of the domains of nations are theirs "by right of conquest."

Oh, it was Brest-Litovsk all over again. It was *væ victis* and the right of the mighty. Prussian militarism had been humbled in the dust, but the Prussian idea had triumphed gloriously. The purposes, the methods, the spirit were the Kaiser's. Only the voice was Jacob's. No, precisely because the vocabulary was different, Paris was infinitely worse. The Kaiser was at least a straightforward, brutal bully. He did not invade Belgium to save it for autocracy. He let his chancellor blurt it out that the violation of a neutral country was a wrong, but that necessity—the necessity of flying at France's throat before she could fly at his—knows no law. Both simple truths, and the world, which can tolerate everything but bluntness, was now making his people pay for it in full. He did not liberate the Ukraine from communism. He had to dismember the Russian colossus for his own country's security (for exactly the same reason that France must break up Austria-Hungary). He had to have the bread-grains of the Volga to offset the strangling blockade. He was a plain, blunt soldier untaught in the art of snivelling and the uses of flapdoodle. His tutors believed he could get on without them. His successors were now learning better.

Paris breathed another atmosphere. Take two ex-

amples among many. Take Poland and take Russia. Russia, surely, had not started the war, or cut off children's hands in Belgium, or sunk merchant ships with submarines, or flooded the mines and chopped down the fruit trees in Northern France. Her only crime was that she had fought on on the side of the allies till she sank in exhaustion, or at least until she came to the conclusion that the victory, even if won, was not worth the bones of a single Red soldier. No, Russia was not a criminal; she was an opportunity. According to the wolf-pack tradition prevailing in the international comity of Christendom, a fallen friend makes as good picking as a beaten enemy—providing only he be fallen flat enough to be incapable of self-defense or of taking his customary place in the balance of power.

It should be recalled at this point that the shameless depredations of the German militarists in Russia had done more than anything else to convince the decent people of the world—including the decent people of Germany—that there could be no hope for peace in Europe until that gang was put out of business for good and all. Well, now, here at last was the soul of honor and international morality in the saddle. What sort of reaction did the famous acid test produce? Clemenceau and Company took over the Junker program, lock, stock and barrel. In point of fact they had taken it over long ago, when they gave the Japanese carte blanche in Siberia and dispatched expeditions to rescue the Czechoslovak prisoners, the ammu-

nition stocks, the constituent assembly, and goodness knows what else. But let that pass. We are on the bright morning of the new era. The new era began for Russia by the peace conference making flirtatious advances to the dear Ukrainian Rada, that favorite of the Kaiser's harem. The Rada, it appeared, was democratic, while the communists were nearly as autocratic as the lamented ally of the Entente, the Tsar. Then came Petliura. He, too, was a democrat. Anybody who made war on Moscow, from Yudenitch to Count Wrangel, was a democrat.

Then—oh, don't forget. Self-determination was still on the carpet. Russia, too, come to think of it, had been an agglomeration of subject nationalities. And surely no fool internationalist could say that liberating the Letts and Esthonians was carrying out secret imperialistic treaties. Here at any rate was pure idealism, devotion to sacred principle. Anyhow at the time the secret treaties were made the Tsar was still in the best of health, and carving up his property to conform to the notions of the United States and the British Labor Party would scarcely have won his approbation.

Now take Poland. In the early days of the war the Russian monarch had pledged his imperial word that Poland should—in the event of victory—be reconstituted and made independent. Why he had not thought of doing it all those years while the Poles were pleading and threatening and even openly fighting for freedom, I cannot say. Maybe his belated decision

had something to do with the circumstance that more than half of Poland was in the hands of the enemy. Anyhow, later, in the secret agreements with his allies, the promise was substantially modified. It was demanded (and presumably granted) that "the Polish question be excluded from all international discussions." Russia was to have a free hand in determining just what reconstitution and independence for Poland were to mean. There is not much room for speculation as to what lengths France would have gone to in giving practical effect to that ancient friendship for Poland which she has latterly revived, if the Tsar had lived to make good his promises.

The Poles, of course, were not so obtuse as to take the imperial word literally, or to be quite unaware of the mutual concessions of the allied chancelleries. The Poles were Europeans, not Americans. The only person who had never heard of the secret treaties was the President of the United States. Therefore the Poles are hardly to be blamed for not fighting with all their enthusiasm on the side of the Tsar and his friends. That leads me to read the case of Poland now from East to West. Mr. Pilsudsky did not love Germany. I seem to remember some fairly good reasons why he should not. But he knew enough of the haunted house his country was situated in to take the democratic idealism of the Entente at some discount. Between Kultur and the knout he thought he would vote for Kultur. To begin with, he had made up his mind that Germany would win the war, and he

had no kind of doubt that, since one was reduced to choosing between an Oriental despotism and a progressive modernized monarchy, the latter was the lesser evil of the two. He continued being pro-German even after the Russian people had relegated the Tsar to his flower-beds in Tobolsk.

What the victorious allies would have done to such a gentleman as Pilsudsky had he been the ruler of a sovereign country, say like Bulgaria, I cannot, of course, positively assert; but I have no difficulty in guessing. There is no want of analogies. And there is no reason for supposing that Poland herself would have been handled with any more Christian mercy than was Turkey, between whom and England there was also an ancient friendship—such an ardent one, in fact, that Britain had been prepared on several occasions to make war on Russia in order to keep the Sultan in Constantinople. I venture to surmise that in that case Lithuania would have been erected as the great hope of democracy and civilization in Eastern Europe, and that the League of Nations would have been called in to decide whether Warsaw, instead of Vilna, was ethnically Polish or Lithuanian. But Poland was a subject race, not an independent state. The consequence is that in 1921 Mr. Pilsudsky journeys to Paris as the guest of the French Government, and sheds warm tears over the Huns' devastations in the North of France which he viewed with a contracting heart from his train window, and the Paris press crowns him "The Beloved of the Gods."

These are but random examples of how the Paris conference fulfils the hopes of the world. It would take the space of volumes and the wit of Anatole France to transcribe all the acts of the tragi-comedy. I command neither. And anyhow it will suffice to get the flavor. For a final touch I want to take a glance at America.

While Wilson was breaking his heart in Paris, while the caged delegates of the German republic were about to be led before the bar of justice to hear sentence pronounced upon themselves and Europe, the American people were otherwise occupied. They had already withdrawn. They were again back to 1914. They had once more become more or less interested onlookers. In fact, as far as they were concerned, the performance was all but over. Nevertheless, as they stood with one foot outside, they kept up an animated debate, a good deal in the spirit of a Roman crowd at a gladiatorial combat: "Would they sign?" "They" were the caged Germans. It seemed to occur to no one to ask himself whether we ought to sign—the question which was so soon to be decided in the negative. The Germans had lost the war, been balked, betrayed and were about to receive the verdict. Not for one moment, not to a solitary soul, did it seem evident that America likewise had lost—lost the peace, been balked in the aims for which she had poured out her treasure and the blood of her youth, been betrayed in her faith and honor, and was about to be delivered up to the serene judgment of history.

Chapter X

The Seer in Politics

A STRANGE legend has grown up around the Conference. The belief is widely held that all this went on at Paris without Wilson being aware of what was happening. The diplomats, it is supposed, so consummately befuddled the American President that he completely lost, not only the power, but the very desire to resist. He became, not so much their victim as their dupe and willing ally. They convinced him that the bacchanalia of violence and revenge and imperialism was the Sinai of the New Order, that the mangling of Europe was the rebirth of Europe, that the poison they were concocting was the very divine nectar he had thirsted for. And Wilson went back to America content in the assurance that the peace he had brought home was what he had set out to get!

When I have, on many occasions, pointed out that this is on the face of it a preposterous fantasy, I have been answered that my attempt to defend the intelligence of the President really amounted to an indictment of his character. If—I was told—Wilson was not a raw innocent, then he was a knave. There is no other alternative: Either the diplomats deceived him,

or he deceived the world. Either he acquiesced in the Machiavellian settlement because he was persuaded that it was a democratic settlement, or he had never meant a word of what he said in Washington. Wilson was one thing or the other: a dupe and a victim or a hypocrite and an impostor.

I have no wish whatever to defend the President. I am very keenly alive to his share in the tragedy of Paris. His cocksureness, his unpardonable ignorance of concrete situations, the failure of his courage at the critical moment, no doubt contributed much to the breakdown of his authority. His course was clear. The moment he saw—as I hold he did see—that the mantle of Metternich and the Kaiser had fallen upon the statesmen of our allies; the moment it became evident that the declared aims for which we had fought and which the Entente had publicly made its own were not to be embodied in the treaties, that the secret agreements were to be honored, that the peace was to be one of treachery to the defeated peoples, and dishonor to America, and disillusion to all the common men of Europe, Mr. Wilson should have immediately made it plain that we were an honest nation who meant to stand by our pledges, and that unless the delegates of the other powers intended to live up to the implied understanding which they had entered into with us and the world at the time of our intervention, the American representatives would promptly step out of the Conference, take no part in its deliberations, and assume no responsibility for its decisions. Doubtless

the consequences of such an extraordinary piece of courage would be very grave. It needed no prophet to foresee the reception America would accord her President on his return after that sort of triumph. But it was in keeping with Mr. Wilson's record. He had broken conventions before. He was the first President of the United States to leave his country; he could well afford in such a cause to be the first to be impeached. The situation demanded extraordinary courage. Mr. Wilson was not a mere diplomat. He was not even merely the ruler of a great nation. He was, in a very profound sense, the leader of the peoples of the whole world. The future of mankind, of civilization, of untold generations of unborn youth, was in the balance. Their salvation depended on his attitude more than on any other single factor.

There is every kind of evidence to show that Mr. Wilson was tragically alive to his responsibility and the great achievements expected of him. He pondered his alternatives. He took in the world about him. His dramatic defection might very well, as his antagonists warned him, precipitate a European revolution. More bloodshed, more disorder, more misery. He did not want a revolution. He was not by his whole training and mental bias a gentleman, distrustful of government by the untrained classes and firmly persuaded of the effectiveness of reform by parliamentary change. He was a pacifist. He loathed violence. The world had had enough of force. He had had more than enough of it.

But was it so certain that revolution would follow his withdrawal? There were other possibilities, equally as disconcerting. The shameless electioneering campaign of Lloyd George, conducted on the issue of a punitive peace, had proved triumphantly successful. That meant something. It meant either that the nations of Europe were not quite so ready for reconciliation as they seemed, or that the politicians were in the saddle so securely that the rank and file were helpless to express their will. Whichever it was, one conclusion was inescapable: the forces in control of Europe were unrepentant. The war was not over. The minds of men were not demobilized. He was trying to do an impossible thing; to make peace between antagonists, still panting with the fury of the battle, still foaming at the mouth with fear and hatred, still clotted with the mud and blood of the trenches. And in any event, whatever might be the will of the masses of the Old World, he was not the President of Europe. His first responsibility was to America. It was to her he must answer for his work in Paris. And America was in a sterner, more violent, less conciliatory mood than these nations who had fought from the beginning, to whom the war had been but the renewed outbreak of an ancient feud. Perhaps that was it: America had got a mere vaccine dose of the European bacillus; she had not come close enough to see the malady in all its loathsome horror; the shadow of defeat and extinction had not passed over her skies; she had barely got a taste of blood; she had been too

far from the scene of the tragedy to be humbled and chastened by its terror and pathos.

But America was bound to come right again, and soon. The peoples of Europe, too, were certain to purge the infection out of their blood ere long. The present contingent of diplomats were a hang-over from the struggle; they would be swept out of power presently. Hence the course of wise statesmanship was to build for the future.

He calmly, deliberately, resolved to give up the fight. He abandoned the whole elaborate program of an immediate democratic peace with his eyes open. Only one of his Points really mattered—the League. The treaties, taken in the aggregate, constituted a rearrangement of the entire map of the old world. Quite so. They were unspeakably bad. True enough. They were in effect a new body of public law for the nations of Europe. Yes. But they were not the fundamental law. They were subject to revision and repeal. However significant they might be in themselves, as long as they were subordinated to a higher instrument they would in the end—when the world became sane again—prove harmless. What mattered Fiume, or colonies, or reparations, or even the Rhine, so long as the world had a constitution by which all legislation could be tested, a supreme court which had the power to pass on the validity of the acts of this transitory legislature sitting at Paris?

He put his whole faith in the League. That was to be the New Order born out of the universal agony.

An end to disorder, to international lawlessness, perhaps even to revolution. The League itself was the revolution—a silent, peaceful, thoroughgoing re-orientation of human life. In its kindly light, in its just reasonableness, all the ills and fears and feuds of the nations would be cured. For such a consummation of the terrible war he was prepared to concede everything. If the foreign offices could be wheedled into accepting this magna charta, it would in the end be their dethronement, it would make mist and moonshine of all the schemes by which they just now set so much store. Scarcely would the treaties begin to be enforced when they would be transfigured in the dawn of the new day. Only one thing was needful: The Covenant must from the outset be made an integral part, the supreme part, of the settlement. The various treaties must symbolize their adherence to the fundamental law by being from the start subordinated to the constitution of the League.

Alas for the vanity of good men's plans! The League which was born had more in it of the senile cunning of Europe's ancient specter than of the generous enthusiasm of America. Instead of dominating the treaties, the Covenant became a mere appendage to them, a kind of solemn oath doubly reinforcing their mischievous provisions. It became the joker in an infamous piece of legislation, the stabilizing device in a rickety mechanism. Far from providing an instrument by which the temporary settlement was to be judged and tested, it merely sealed and sanctified it.

Far from radiating a spirit of at least eventual reconciliation, it was itself vitiated into a dead weight which clamped down the door on all negotiations.

Mr. Wilson, it seemed, did not foresee such a result. There are indications that he is to this day unaware of it. The men who still follow him and still urge American membership in the League are clearly unaware of it. They continue to maintain that the hope of purging the treaties lies in the League. I believe I can understand why this idea is so tenacious. Mr. Wilson was perfectly logical and even clairvoyant in his insistence that the treaties and the Covenant be made into an organic whole. They were inter-dependent. The League was in effect a perpetuation of the Paris conference, so broadened as to include all the nations, the victors, the vanquished and the neutrals. The peace was the framework upon which the League was to base a more permanent and juster settlement; the League was the central authority which was to adjudicate and execute the treaties. Without the Covenant the temporary agreements would become either tyrannical or unstable or both. Without the treaties the League would hang in the void. What is more important, the conferees could only be induced to grant the Covenant on condition that the treaties were agreed to.

That would have been good reasoning if the temporary settlement were really provisional and just, and if the League were both representative and authoritative. If the treaties were to be the framework for

a more permanent arrangement, if the dispassionate opinion of mankind expressed in the League were to execute and extend their enactments, then the treaties must concern themselves with no more than the irreducible minimum of problems left over by the war which demanded immediate attention, and they must deal with them in a spirit looking toward complete pacification and adjustment of outstanding disputes. If the League were to have the confidence of all the parties it must not only be democratic in its composition, it must have sovereign power.

It is not necessary to pause here on the character of the treaties. There is not a half-way well-informed man anywhere who needs at this day to be convinced of the utter barbarity and the armored finality of their provisions. But we *must* look at the League. There are too many well-disposed, internationally minded, educated people who still pin their faith for a better world on it.

I recall that during the war, while the idea of a league was being agitated, many internationalists expressed the fear that if the wrong start were made the thing we got might prove to be another Holy Alliance. Well, we have not quite got it yet, but that is the drift. The Geneva body is neither democratic nor authoritative. It has all the traditions of a continental chancellery and none of its force. The model upon which it was built was not Switzerland or the United States, but Austria-Hungary. It is a federation of peoples in the same sense as were the parlia-

ments of the Dual Monarchy, and it is as democratic as a Habsburg Emperor, and as sovereign as the Lama of Tibet. Mr. Wilson cared very little what kind of a league he got, just so he got a league; the diplomats were so distrustful of the idea that they were afraid even to give teeth to a monster created in the image of their own foreign offices. The net result, as near as I can come to summing up its constitution and effectiveness, is something in the nature of a deliberative assembly made up of the Sultans of Turkey and Morocco, the Khedive of Egypt and the native princes of India with the President of Haiti and half a dozen American observers thrown in to make it look comprehensive.

No doubt this is a dogmatic description. Patience! I shall come to logic presently. But I beg to say that I am not trying to cast aspersions on the organization, and still less upon the personnel, which is sitting and twirling its thumbs at Geneva while Europe is decaying and in flames. My strictures are directed against the myth-making, unconverted soul of a world which is in woeful need of salvation, and which flippantly erects a house of mirth and calls it the temple of the Lord.

Geneva is condemned to futility, not so much because it is impotent as because it is uninspired. Give it teeth, and from being a mockery it will rise up to become a menace. Nor is it its youth that hobbles it. Obviously no sort of international government, however immaculately conceived in the Holy Ghost and

born in the travail of war-ridden humanity, could be expected to go forth and in a day bind up the wounds of the world. The infant son of God must, I know, grow to manhood before he can establish the Kingdom of Heaven. But he will never erect anything that was not there before unless he *is* the Son of God. The offspring of the adversary will not lead mankind out of the wilderness through he should grow to the strength of Hercules and live to be as old as Methuselah.

There are those in our midst who cry that we shall be saved only by faith. Believe that the Son of Man is the Son of God and he shall be the Son of God. Let America join this imperfect League, give it an increase of prestige, let the world see what it can do, and in time it will actually become the world federation of our dreams. Six years ago the same evangelists spoke to us in much the same accents. They assured us that if we only would believe the Entente to be the soldiers of the Lord they would become so, no matter what their past might be, no matter what secret treaties they might carry around in their pockets, no matter how skilfully they emulated the Kaiser in Russia. They urged us to have faith in America's power for conversion. We had the divine grace to turn our Allies from their evil paths. Well, we bounteously poured forth our faith, and our blood and treasure besides. Yet salvation has not come. In view of the infamous uses the Entente made of their victory and ours, in view of the disheartening exhibi-

tion America made of herself in the war, what ground is there for belief that we and they shall be wiser and better the next time?

Apologists for the existing League point to the Aaland Islands adjustment and the opium traffic, and argue that the organization has done some good work. I know it has. The International Red Cross Societies have done some very excellent work; so has even the Hague Tribunal; but no one would pretend that they are, for that reason, the Parliament of Man. The League has done quite all the good as well as the bad work which it was meant to do and which its character enables it to do. It has not done a single thing which the Supreme Council or the Council of Ambassadors or any temporary arbitration commission could not have done. It has not solved a single problem which was not previously arranged between the chancelleries of the victors. It arbitrated the Aaland Islands dispute because the powers had little interest in the matter. It adjusted the Upper Silesian controversy because, *and as,* the Supreme Council allowed it to adjust it, after Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand had patched up their differences out of court; and (parenthetically) the perfidy of that decision has done more to destroy confidence in the League among the defeated peoples and among impartial men everywhere than anything I can think of; perhaps that was just what the French statesmen desired. But the League has not been permitted to have even a look at the Reparations problem. Imagine it! M. Poincaré, the ruler of a province in

the Federation of Europe, has the impudence to order the Federal parliament to keep its hands off. It is as if the governor of New Hampshire refused to submit a law of his state to review by the Supreme Court of the United States.

That a farce of this sort came to be perpetrated and to be given the name of a league of nations does not argue that the old diplomacy of Paris contrived to blindfold Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson was misled by words; he thought he had The League when he got something called *a* league. The diplomats wanted no kind of a league whatever—until they perceived that what they were opposing was the very thing they needed. But the result was a product not of intrigue so much as of the conditions under which it came into existence. The Covenant began where obviously it should have ended. It took the proposition which it was meant to prove and assumed it as an axiom. It proceeded to work on the curious idea that the problem which made a league necessary was already solved.

I can best illustrate the unreality of the business by considering the pivotal clause of the Covenant, the famous Article X. And what I shall show is that the reason why the League is immaterial and fictitious is because Europe is anarchical and unchastened. As I have repeatedly pointed out in these chapters, Europe is one country diversified by a multitude of provinces and languages and local customs. It is a single country in a sense, not very different from that in which France and Great Britain are single countries. Economically,

culturally, religiously, geographically, it is a unit. Only administratively it is, unlike France and Great Britain, a patch-quilt of discordant colors. Its crying need is for an outward recognition of this inner coherence. Both the peoples and the governments are working for this manifest destiny of unification. But the governments, steeped as they are in the monarchical tradition, are endeavoring to create each its own hegemony, while the spirit of the nations and the logic of circumstances demand a union of autonomous states. The statesmen are still obsessed with the dream of Rome, of an imperial super-state; the peoples are groping after a democratic federation on the model of Switzerland and the American Republic.

Now look at Article X. As I have said, it is the heart of the Covenant. It addresses itself to the central problem. By guaranteeing the territorial integrity of the various states it strikes at the chief temptation to aggression and war. Clearly there can be no kind of association in which the rights of members to their property are not recognized in advance. There can be no League without an Article X.

Neither, however, can there be a League, on the present map of the world, *with* Article X. For it is not as if the states of Europe were ideal nations with political frontiers already corresponding to linguistic and racial boundaries. If that were the case, an economic union with mutual guarantees of non-aggression would be a relatively simple matter. A political federation might eventually also come. But in point

of fact there is hardly a country in Europe which is not either an empire extending far beyond its proper limits, or a semi-subject state with at least a part of its population under a foreign yoke. Under these circumstances the guarantee embodied in Article X becomes a sanction to some members to retain property stolen from other members. It becomes an extorted contract between imperial powers and weak peoples, between conquerors and vanquished, legalizing the status quo. It does not eliminate the cause of friction but perpetuates it. It makes Europe not a democratic federation based on consent but an imperium of discontented nationalities. It not only does not heal the ancient sores, it irritates and lacerates them by attempting to close them up.

I may give a homely illustration of the kind of league the situation requires and the kind we have got by substituting a group of private property-owners for the nations of Europe. Imagine a pioneer community, say, out in Colorado in 1875. The neighbors have been quarrelling and setting each other's barns on fire for a generation. There are boundary claims and counter-claims, and it is well known that some of the bigger holders have encroached on the smaller farmers' land. Again and again shots have been fired over the wire fences at night. Finally a general riot breaks out. After the crops have been burnt and half of the children's brains blown out, and most of the rest crippled, the antagonists get together to try to reach some solution of the feud which is ruining them all.

They agree that instead of patching up matters temporarily and running the risk of renewed rows, they had best form a grange and work the whole countryside co-operatively. And then—the big men get control of the meeting, draw up an agreement about potato-bugs and Paris green and a Ford car to take all the women-folks to church on Sunday, and disband the assembly without ever touching the question of boundaries at all!

I said in the preceding chapter that the diplomats took Mr. Wilson's pleas for a league lightly because it had not a chance in the world. What I meant was that once victory was won the motive for a genuine society of nations had vanished. A real league implies in round terms an abandonment of the dream of empire, the substitution of co-operation for annexation. It means a fairly complete scrapping of the existing map of Europe; a universal plebiscite to determine racial frontiers; local self-government and cultured autonomy for the provinces thus determined; a federal authority representative of these new nations; and last but most important, a pooling of the resources of the world's hinterlands, administered through the central authority for the benefit of all peoples alike, including in particular the peoples who inhabit them.

Practical politicians will doubtless tell me that this is a counsel of perfection. I can only reply that if this is unattainable idealism, then there is no hope for peace in the world. Some such a program as this will have to be put through if the old malady of Chris-

tendom is to be cured. For as long as there are peoples left anywhere to strive for freedom, and as long as there are great nations like Germany and Russia excluded from the markets and the raw materials and the highways of the world, men will not only fight, but wars will have the approval of the just opinion of mankind, and the League of Nations will be sitting on the safety valve.

Mr. Wilson, though he was so sure he knew how to get peace, did not seem to know *when* to get it. He could have had a real league in 1916 or 1917. At least he could have had it eventually by insisting on it at that time. The imperial powers of Europe can be induced to abandon their old ways only by giving them a stake in world order—by confronting them with the alternative of playing fair or losing the game altogether. Such a situation arises during a great war, or in an overwhelming revolutionary ferment. In times like that the controlling groups within empires are faced with the choice of either abandoning external aggression or risking the loss of internal independence. This was the choice offered to Germany and her allies in November, 1918. It was the choice confronting both sides in the struggle in 1917. In 1917 the issue was veiled in uncertainty, for both groups of belligerents. The decision lay in the hands of the United States. That was why the Entente subscribed, with one or two reservations, to the American program and stood behind our President. What is more important, at the time of our entry the American people them-

selves stood behind Mr. Wilson, and the Entente chiefs knew it. America was not yet a house divided against itself. The President, therefore, as the leader of a united nation, had it in his power to offer the more democratic side the choice of losing the war or accepting the aid of America in the interests of a permanent peace of justice all round—which in effect would have meant the league of nations as I have outlined it.

Mr. Wilson let this great opportunity slip by, for what reasons we shall never entirely know. He does not seem to have been taken in by the prevalent credulity in the allies' idealistic professions. In most of his speeches during the war there is evident a profound uneasiness. But he seemed to trust to his own ability to shame them into virtue. Again and again he held up the program of imperialism to the detestation of mankind. He called it the German plan; but certainly he was not unaware—especially after his tussle with the allies to check their greedy designs upon Russia—that both parties to the controversy were in one degree or another tarred with the same brush. He strove heroically to recapture what he had lost, by speaking to the consciences of the nations of his allies as well as those of the enemy over the heads of their generals and diplomats. And he hoped that when the end came the peoples would stand by him and save themselves from utter ruin.

It was a lost hope. With victory secure the game was up. His whole program was submerged. The immediate treaties were a vindication of all his fears.

The League, upon whose promise to redeem the future he was ready to stake everything, became but a prop to the insecure settlement. Even his anxious endeavor to save Europe from internal convulsion threatens to become an illusion—in consequence of the very league which he trusted to exorcise revolution. For if ever the existing league gets going it will develop, not into a federal union of nations but into a super-chancellery. It will become that *bel idéal* of internationally minded diplomats—a concert of foreign offices, a merger of the predatory forces of the great states, working in harmony against the peoples, great and small, and peacefully dividing up the hinterlands of civilization. It will be an imperium swollen to proportions beyond the fondest dreams of the Cæsars. Then, indeed, it will probably prevent war. It will almost certainly also unite the nations—in the sacred and desperate endeavor to crush it.

The people of Europe, meantime, knew nothing of Mr. Wilson's hopes and fears and resolutions. What the diplomats foresaw would happen was in part what did happen. The man on the street concluded that the author of the Fourteen Points was sitting in with the rest of them, playing the game, approving the proceedings. He did not, however, for a moment conclude that this meant a settlement in the spirit of the Fourteen Points. He had a vague but persistent feeling that the conference was doing the usual thing for diplomatic conclaves, and the little scraps of informa-

tion that leaked out did not tend to reassure him in the least. Oh, it was the historic dénouement of European wars.

But what of Wilson? There could be but one answer: the American President was a bird of the same feather with the Clemenceaus and Orlandos. His Fourteen Points and all the rest of the solemn humbug were just so many election pledges, good enough for the duration of the campaign but no more meant to be redeemed than other politician's pledges. Wilson was but the newest and wiliest species of diplomat. A curse on all their houses!

Europe turned away from its prophet in utter disenchantment and despair, and gave itself up to the toxin of old nationalism. If there was to be no new world, then each dog for himself. If there was to be the familiar splitting up of the loot, then it was at least desirable that one's own gang should get their full share. The diplomats had it both going and coming. They not only waylaid the spokesman of the new order in the ambush of the council chamber; they captured his forces out in the field, disarmed them and attached them to their own cause.

Wilson who a few short months before had been the hero of a world united in hope became the most tragic figure in the history of our times. That America should have misunderstood her own traditions and her own mission in the world, that she should have sided with his enemies and given him over to defeat at their hands, that she should have turned from him

for his loyalty to the international faith by which she lived, was hard enough. But to be rejected and despised by the humble, the exploited, the defenseless peoples of the earth for whom he had thought and struggled, to be deemed by them a traitor to the ideals which were dearer to him than all else, to lose their confidence at the very moment when victory was assured—no man could bear so much.

But the dregs of the bitter cup were yet to be tasted by this man. He came home to find America almost solid against him. The splendid victory for the future of the world's peace which he thought he had snatched so narrowly from defeat left the home constituency quite cold. Already broken in spirit and in health, he braced himself for a last desperate attempt to win the country back to the ideals for which it had fought. He went from city to city, pleading with his people for the treaties and the League—for those scraps of paper which were a denial of all the things he had stood for, which were the record of his defeat and of his and America's failure.

It was, with some major changes in the cast, the gay spectacle of 1917 all over again; only backward. No one approved the settlement; no one stood behind the President. The unconditional-surrender shouters were disappointed, the pro-Germans were enraged. Bitter-enders like Lodge found themselves in hearty accord with radicals like La Follette. Internationalists who had prayed for the new order disliked the League, and Little Americans like Johnson liked it still less.

The great mass of silent voters, who had re-elected Mr. Wilson because he kept us out of war, took the first opportunity to repay him for his perfidy; and the very politicians who had so eagerly shoved us into the war to save democracy, as eagerly pulled us back again now that it had been saved. And just as Mr. Wilson, who had hesitated to intervene in 1914 when there was some honor in the enterprise, was driven to take up arms in 1917 after every trace of high motive had been knocked out of intervention; so now, in 1919, Mr. Wilson, who had hesitated to withdraw a few months before when he could have saved his own good name and that of his country, was pushed out of the way so that America might withdraw in spite of him.

The European internationalists misinterpreted our sudden exit as they had misunderstood our participation. They had never seen the cleavage between the nation and its President, and had assumed that the democratic peace program was America's when it was merely Mr. Wilson's. Therefore now they jumped to the strange conclusion that the reason why America rejected the treaties was because the people of the United States were furious with their representative at Paris for succumbing to the imperialists and betraying their country's idealistic aims in the war. But the Europeans were to be enlightened soon enough. It presently became evident that far from spurning the achievements of the conference on grounds of lofty international morality, we had no intention of rejecting

the treaties at all. We bandied the tragedy of Europe around for a space in our political ball-field, and then we came back and subscribed in full to the crassest punitive clauses of the peace of Paris. What we did reject was the Covenant of the League; but we did so, not because it was ineffectual and undemocratic, but because we regarded it as an international policeman and because it involved us in permanent responsibilities. We did, in fact, exactly the thing for which we so righteously blamed the Russians: we made a separate peace with the enemy and told the world to extricate itself as best it might without us. Only whereas Lenin was prepared to go on with the slaughter for a peace settlement in accordance with principles which, right or wrong, he believed in, we merely stayed on until the arrogant militarism which we had undertaken to crush had changed nationalities, and then calmly withdrew without reference to any principle whatsoever. Russia dropped out of the struggle because her people were too exhausted and too conscious of the needs of the world to go on fighting for blind ends. We professed to battle for an equitable and permanent peace; and then, when we had helped one party to the ancient feud to win such a smashing victory as made any righteous settlement impossible, we stepped out and left the world to whet its sword for the next war,—which may or may not complete the unfinished business of the last one.

Yet every American with a spark of devotion to the good name of his country and the peace of the world

cannot but rejoice at the posture of events of which, however undelectable in itself, has culminated in America's rejection of the worst part of the settlement made in Paris. I am still not convinced that the high purposes for which the mass of Americans consented to fight could not have been better served by our staying out. I am very certain that our failure to use the allied victory for those purposes has laid upon us a terrible share of the responsibility for the present plight of the world, but I am moved to thank Heaven that we have at least been spared the ignominy of binding ourselves to defend the infamous settlement indefinitely. The treaties can and will be revised or abrogated. By adopting the Covenant of the League of Nations, we should have made ourselves permanently responsible for a state of things which in our deepest hearts we never wanted, which we shall soon learn to detest, and which because it cannot endure will have involved us in continuous war and everlasting dishonor.

Chapter XI

Alternatives at Paris

THE French seizure of the Ruhr has in some quarters been compared to the invasion of Belgium. It resembles, I think, much more the sack of Budapest by the Rumanians. The Germans never denied that their act was a wrong. Belgium in 1914 had both an army and, after the invasion at least, powerful allies. Hungary in 1919 was a defenseless, distracted country overrun by an armed conqueror on the pretext of collecting a debt. So is the Ruhr to-day. Both are perfect applications of the doctrine that might makes right. But the most interesting part of the parallel is the behavior of the by-standers in both instances. In 1919 the Paris conference then sitting thundered at the Rumanians, with mock-righteousness, that they were law-breakers. To-day the very people who helped to deliver Germany into the hands of her inveterate foe are remonstrating with France for attempting to execute the bond. There are the Americans, who four years ago complained about the leniency of the peace, and regretted that the allied armies had not been permitted to march to Berlin. They are greatly put out with the French for being consistent.

Here is Mr. Lloyd George, the great statesman who meant to go on with the international boxing match until the enemy had got a knock-out blow, who assured the British voter that the Hun would be made to pay for the whole war, and kept his word too, at least to the extent of getting British pensions in under the head of French reparations. Now that the French are endeavoring to make the Hun pay for the war, and it is becoming apparent that British trade and a couple of million British workers are paying for the peace, Mr. Lloyd George contributes essays to German newspapers, and declares with an air of sudden discovery that France is a militaristic bully and a law-breaker.

The moralists are over-moral and much too disingenuous. The French are house-breaking in Europe, not because they are wicked, but because they can, because there is no one to stop them, and *because they must.* The law is not being violated; there is no law. The great civilized continent is disorganized and without order. It has got itself into that same state of chaos which, in the past, has justified its imperialists in "cleaning up" and dismembering Africa and China. It needs a protectorate. Europe as a whole exhibits the mentality we once ascribed to Germany: it understands no other language than force.

Mr. Lloyd George protests that the Treaty of Versailles is the law of Europe. To begin with, it is nothing of the kind. It is at best a judicial decision. The ex-premier of Great Britain is an experienced

legislator; he helped to make the treaty; therefore he ought to know that the Paris Conference was not a legislature, nor even a court of justice in any sense that civilized men understand these words. It was a court-martial conducting a mock trial where an alleged malefactor was indicted, prosecuted, convicted and sentenced by one of the parties to the dispute. But, supposing for argument's sake, that the treaty is a valid law. Where is the authority to interpret it? The Germans say it means one thing. The French read what suits them into its provisions. Mr. Lloyd George and the Americans differ from them both. But the Supreme Court with the learning and impartial judgment necessary to render a final decision is not in existence; or if it may be said to be sitting at Geneva, it has neither the respect of the litigants nor the power to execute its will.

While Europe is a frontier-post without law or magistrate or sheriff, it is idle to charge the French with lawlessness. The victory and the peace settlement have made France the sole arbiter on the continent. The Treaty of Versailles has given her not only a mortgage on Germany, but the power to foreclose on her alleged debtor without obliging her to consult anybody.

To be sure, the collection of the reparations claim is not the motive of the creditor. What he is after is the property. Even that is not all. The ultimate object is the dispossession of a dreaded neighbor. The seizure of the Ruhr is but the latest move in the

French game of rendering Germany permanently helpless for mischief. The forced independence of Austria, the detachment of Upper Silesia, the self-determination in Schleswig-Holstein, the attempted erection of a buffer-state on the Rhine, the intriguing in Bavaria, the undeterminate reparations figures, the systematic humiliation and provocations, are so many details in an elaborate plan to keep Germany from recuperating and from again becoming a danger to her neighbor.

The French would not have reparations if they could. The devastated North has become to them what Belgium was to England in August, 1914—a pretext for war. They need it for the same purposes as the publicity manager of a relief campaign needs children crippled with malignant rickets, or as a mendicant soldier needs an amputated leg. During the war, I recall, I was writing an article about the relief situation. Among other organizations, I went to the Belgian Committee in New York. I learned from one of the officials that Belgium was being fed, not by popular contributions, but by Government loans which were virtually gifts. "Obviously," said my informant, "you could never feed millions of people by any such haphazard methods as relief campaigns. We continue the campaign publicity for political purposes, we must keep the name of Belgium before the American people, it has become a magic amulet in the allied cause."

To-day in France, the American visitor is hustled up to the devastated zone, if necessary at the cost of

the Government. If you discuss the Ruhr, if you express doubt about reparations and the French manner of collecting them, you are invariably met with the question, "Have you been up in the North? We must have the money to repair the damage wrought by the Boche. Do you think it is unfair that he who has destroyed shall rebuild?" It is quite true. The North is still a wilderness, and it is a wilderness because the French Government will have it so. Yet the destroyed homes belong not to the State but to private individuals who are suffering from exposure and disordered lives. They want them repaired, and their first claim is not against the Boche but against their own Government. The French authorities could have paid that claim five times over if they had chosen to. They did not choose to. They chose to give enormous treasures to Denikin and Wrangle and all the other bandits who preyed on the Russian people. They chose to militarize Poland, and subsidize wars on Ukrainia and Lithuania. They chose to keep France armed to the teeth, to carry civilization to Syria at the point of a hundred thousand bayonets. A family man whose house is in ruins does not go adventuring in foreign parts while his children are in the street, on the pretext that the incendiaries will not make good.

But though reparations are an asset in propaganda, the need of security for France is no pretext. France is determined to have peace. To attain that end, she is prepared to keep herself externally armed and make war everlasting.

The menace of Germany to France is, even in ordinary times, very near and terrifying. It is difficult for an American to visualize it in anything like its stark reality. These two peoples are neighbors. They are separated from each other by a mere river. In the past thousand years they have repeatedly invaded and devastated each other's territory. Their brains are festering with memories of intolerable insults and injuries. By a complicated series of historical accidents, they have never been equally matched. Until fifty years ago the German peoples were disunited and in a chronic state of civil war, and thus a constant and irresistible bait to their neighbor across the Rhine. For a generation past, the balance has swung the other way. Germany became, in consequence of an infamous war on France, not only a nation, but a vigorous and rapidly expanding power. Geographically the Teutonic Empire is placed in an almost impregnable position on the continent. By the number, the prolific tendencies and the sound physique of her people, she far outstrips her ancient rival. Moreover, Germany is a highly organized community. In education, in industrial progress, in technological skill, and in commercial capacity, she is far and away the leading power of the Old World.

France, on the other hand, though her natural resources are the equal of any country in Europe and superior to many, is in the modern industrial sense very far behind her rival across the Rhine. In popular education, in technical development, in commercial or-

ganization she cannot be put in the same class with Germany. Moreover, in population, France is a small nation, barely more than half the size of a united Germany, and her birth-rate is stationary or falling; with the consequence that though the quality of patriotism and the discipline of the army are as high in France as anywhere, her military strength is, under normal conditions, not far above that of a secondary power.

Yet the French nation wants to live. It wants to preserve its institutions, its character, its peculiar mode of thought and expression. It does not want to become German or anything else, it wants to remain French. Not alone that, it wishes to prosper and to hold its head up among the nations of the world. Well, you might ask, who says that it should not do all these things? It is a naïve question. If the world were organized and orderly, if nations were as secure as individuals in their life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, France and Germany might live and prosper side by side without danger to one another. But there is no law and no equity in Christendom. There is no tradition of justice and freedom of opportunity and fair dealing between nations. Much of the wealth and the power of France lie in possessions acquired by force to the prejudice of Germany, and vice-versa. The standing of France as a great power in the world rests in considerable measure on the victories and humiliations she has inflicted on her neighbor. So does that of every other power, great and small, in Europe. For

these reasons national security is not the simple matter which the personal safety of an honest private citizen is. It does not mean earning a living according to one's ability and raising a family, and enjoying common rights. It means, to begin with, holding on to goods and power obtained by unfair advantage; it means protection against the vengeance of injured neighbors; and it means, especially, immunity from interference in future depredations.

Now France went to war to enforce her rights. The bullying of her neighbor since 1871 had become unbearable. At least so her statesmen felt. Germany on her part made war for similar reasons. She could no longer endure the encirclement of her enemies. That was what her statesmen thought. After four years of terrifying danger, during which it had seemed more than once that all was lost, the weaker side came out on top. Thanks for that to a multitude of circumstances, chief among them the adherence of America. With victory in her hand, France very naturally proceeded to make certain of the principal end for which she had fought. Her whole program at the conference—as indeed to this day—can be summarized in one word: Security. One might express that by saying that France more than any other major power among the Entente was determined that the horrors of the past four years should never occur again.

However, in the pursuit of this supreme and justifiable object, France had her choice between two

alternatives. She could have security from the German menace in one of two ways: She might treat the vanquished foe generously, conciliate him and so end the eternal feud; or she might attempt to crush Germany completely, make the defeat permanent, and thus perhaps also arrive at the same goal. If she chose the former course she would be virtually adhering to the Wilson program. She would have peace without victory, or at least without defeat for the enemy. If she chose the other alternative, she would have—in round terms—victory without peace. She would have to continue the war, maintain the barrage of propaganda, and keep the whole world in turmoil for an indefinite period. No matter what diplomatic triumphs she carried off at the peace table, they would be but a beginning. A nation of seventy million progressive, civilized European people could not be wiped off the map in a day. It was this latter alternative that France did not choose. In the estimation of impartial opinion, it was a mad choice. I am speaking purely from the point of view of the end desired. Christianity and justice and plain honesty and the bitter need of Europe for peace all aside, it is not going to bring security to France. By making Germany a martyr in the decent opinion of the world, by alienating the friendship of France's allies and arousing their sympathy for her victim, it is making the ultimate annihilation of France a practical certainty.

Let us look for a moment at the alternative which was rejected. We shall return to the other presently.

France, as the victor, had the opportunity of centuries to bring peace to two of the greatest peoples in the world. She could have spoken to her ancient foe roughly in these words:

What is it that you and we have been murdering each other for, these many years? You want the furnaces and ore of Lorraine, we need the coking coal of the Ruhr. The markets and the granaries of Russia are a matter of life and death to you; so for the present is her military prowess to us. You must have the world's hinterlands for your surplus population and your products, and we already have a goodly share of them, as well as the power to prevent you from getting the rest. And so on.

Now we have an idea. Do not delude yourself for one moment that the proposition we are going to make you is inspired by any weakness on our part. You know better. You know very well that your neck is under our foot and that we can keep you in that uncomfortable position for a long time to come.

But we have about decided that it is a silly game we two have been playing at all these centuries. We are about to offer you peace and a reasonable share of prosperity, not for fear of you but simply in the interests of common sense and the common people of both our countries.

Come now, you understand us. We two are ruining a good estate by quarrelling over it. We both need and want the same thing, but the way we are going about getting it condemns both of us to eternal frustration. Take Alsace as an example. We both need it in our business. Neither of us cares a lot what the Alsatians really want. By race and language they belong to you. By aspiration they are just now in favor of joining

with us. But we are not deceiving ourselves. They are not much more in love with us than with you. Their present Francophile sentiment we owe principally to you. You bullied them rather too efficiently these fifty years. In all probability we shall presently be doing likewise. In a year or two they are not unlikely to be turning regretful eyes toward Berlin. Perhaps in the long run both you and we, let alone the Alsatians, will be better satisfied if neither of us has them entirely; or in other words, if we both have them.

Stripped of all its masquerade and verbiage, the historic policy of both our foreign offices is to get back to the empire of Charlemagne. We want to unite the two countries. Our hatred is a manufactured hatred. As a matter of fact we simply cannot live without one another. We do not feel safe alone. The spiked wall between our backyards gives both of us nightmares. If we could remove that barrier somehow, we might rest better, gain in weight, and give our homes and our children the attention which they both so badly need and which hitherto has been absorbed by worry, bad language and periodic rows. What is more, our resources combined would yield both of us a better living, and we would save the charges of keeping that foolish wall properly spiked.

Now, of course, the ideal solution would be for one of us to die. At least, that is what our history has done to our mentality—we have come to think the elimination of one or the other of us to be a way out of chaos. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort. If the union of our territories is desirable, the union of our peoples is a necessity. The coal fields of the Ruhr are nothing but a seared, grimy, sordid landscape. Their minerals underground are wealth only

because of the men on the surface. If you were to get Paris by killing off the Parisians, it would cease to be Paris. The spirit and color of a city are largely in the people who inhabit it, in the harmony between them and the traditions and the monuments in it.

But supposing it were desirable to get the territory without the population. The question is, can it be done? Your people, and ours too, refuse to commit suicide, and killing them is—morals aside—a physical impossibility. You have tried it, you know, this half a century—at least you have tried to break their spirit—and all you have got for your pains is your present unenviable plight. Come to think of it, we have taken a few shots at your people, too; and after several centuries, we have succeeded (thanks, in part, to your above-named support) in winning the rather dubious affection of one of your smallest provinces, as well as in getting ourselves nearly wiped off the map in 1870. It is beginning to look to us like a rather unsatisfactory way of achieving union. It is too slow. It has a queer, exasperating way of tumbling on your ears just when you think you have got it nicely put in place.

Now that you have got rid of your precious Kaiser—thanks in part, to our aid and persuasion—and we are at last both republics, the last obstacle to a rational solution seems removed. The dynastic difficulty is out of the way. A year ago that was a serious hindrance. The French Republic could never have been brought to shout "Hoch!" to a Hohenzollern. The Kronprinz might have had an understandable objection to fraternizing with the lawyers who take turns at the Elysée. But now we do not have to be ruled by you, or you by us. Our internal affairs we can manage as hitherto. We will treat you as we treat the Bretons

or the Alsatians; you can treat us as you treat Bavarians and Saxons. That is to say, we will live together as two peoples of different language—or different race, if you like—but with common interests. Bavaria and Brittany have no private foreign offices. There is no reason why France and Germany should not unite theirs. We won't annex you, and you won't annex us. We will just simply annex each other—become one country. If Alsace can manage to get on under you and us, why cannot we both be happy with one another?

It is not as if there were anything novel about the idea. Bavaria used to think she could not live without complete sovereignty until you persuaded her to the contrary. Brittany was once a separate kingdom. So were Scotland and Sardinia and Moldavia. They seem to be fairly content without a diplomatic staff of their own.

The plan opens up a rather pleasant vista. Why not invite England to the party, perhaps some other folks, too? Maybe that notion of the mad American was not so mad after all. Instead of offering you a military alliance, with new adventures and new foes, and new victories and disasters, why not abandon that tack altogether for a while? We have put our trust in competition and our own right arm all these centuries, and we are not much nearer security than we were a thousand years ago. What I suggest is this: let us give co-operation a trial.

It has been said that a diplomat is a man who lies for his country's good. I am willing to concede that that may be the intention. But in that case, diplomats are stupid liars. Judging by the uses the Entente diplomats made of the recent victory and the present plight

of the world, and the terrors which the future holds in store for victors and vanquished alike, I am constrained to say that diplomats are men who lie for the ultimate ruin of their country.

The terrible culpability of the French statesmen consists not in their present attempt to set fire to Europe in the hope that Germany may be destroyed in the conflagration. In my opinion, the results obtained at Paris hardly leave them any other choice. But the results obtained at Paris are what they are largely because the statesmen of France obstructed every other solution. A generous democratic peace, when you look the situation all over, was more in the interest of France than of any nation with preponderant influence at the Conference. The conciliation of Germany, general disarmament, the organization of world security under the guarantee of a society of peoples, were vital necessities to the preservation and happiness of France. England could afford to dispense with it, for a consideration. England is not a continental country; she is half the world. To America her own program was, if she chose to regard it so, but a gratuitous luxury, a mere ideal. America really could be disinterested.

But the French statesmen became as intoxicated with their unexpected victory as any rowdy sailor. They behaved as if they had swallowed their own propaganda. They, the leaders, the engineers of the destiny of their country, the men whose business it was to keep cool and watchful, lost their heads more

completely than the rank and file. It was as if a commanding general were to carry on his operations in the battlefield in accordance with the optimistic drivel which he himself has put into a communiqué for the reassurance of the civilian at home. They seemed to go on the absurd theory that a poorly-organized, small-industry, under-populated, war-exhausted country could really become the permanent mistress of the continent, regardless of the vast resources, the indestructible natural superiority in physical power of her ancient enemy, and of the opinions of mankind. They took their accidental military supremacy, and the accidental prostration of the German power, as seriously as if they were something inevitable and final. And they, the statesmen, the brains of a great nation, who presumably knew the historic rôle of England in continental disputes, and the stake of British trade in German well-being, who had seen how reluctantly the American people had given up their traditional isolation, proceeded to build their country's safety on an unendorsed scrap of paper signed by Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George.

Secure in these airy assurances, victorious France set to work to end the German menace for good and all. The Treaty of Versailles was a bare beginning. It must be made as harsh as possible, not only for immediate purposes, but especially for future use. By inflicting penalties and humiliations on the Germans, it would serve to make them resentful and vindictive. That in turn would convince the world how utterly

beyond redemption the enemy was, and furnish the needed justification for fresh penalties and humiliations. And so on, back and forth. It was a self-operating process. It would keep itself going until Germany was no more than a memory.

If you wish to see how this perfect device worked in practice, you have only to look at the manner in which the German revolution was used by the victors. Wilson, it will be remembered, in the name of America and her allies, had appealed to the German people to overthrow the Kaiser in return for a just peace.

The French leaders, in justice be it said, had from the start fought shy of this American-made propaganda. It was in their estimation playing with fire. Revolutions were risky things; you never could tell how far they might go, or whether they would do what you expected of them. And anyhow, it was too silly. What did it matter whether there was a revolution or not? Any fool knew that the Kaiser's "autocracy" was a mere bogey. There were no autocrats, not even in Russia. All modern states were ruled by oligarchies, some gentlemanly, some ruffianly, but no European government was, if indeed any government ever had been, in the hands of one man. The fight was with Germany. The feud was of old standing; the French had warred on the Germans long before the Hohenzollerns had come front stage. Louis XIV did not take Alsace-Lorraine to rescue the inhabitants from Prussian militarism. Napoleon overran Germany, but one could hardly say he did it to make

the world safe for democracy. There was no dividing line between autocracy and democracy. Germany was a power and a menace, not because of the Kaiser but because of the seventy millions of vigorous, working, multiplying people, regardless of how or by whom they were governed. It was all right enough to be battling for democracy in the abstract, and for the nations which were already republics, but this notion of attempting to democratize Germany was as irrelevant as it was dangerous.

Besides, what had democracy to do with economics? In the European system, foreign policy was continuous, irrespective of revolutions and catchwords. There had been quite a parcel of revolutions in France without in the slightest degree altering her manifest destiny. The French Republic was not only an empire, but an imperialist state. Indeed, she had secured her place in the sun only after she had got rid of her kings. What reason was there for supposing that the elimination of the Hohenzollerns, any more than the dethronement of the Bourbons and Bonapartes, would persuade a nation to walk in the paths of poetry and the service of the gods? Why should France spill her blood to endow the Boche with the blessings of liberty, equality and fraternity?

The realists of the Quai d'Orsay could not see how any change of régime, however far-reaching, would make any difference in the persistent endeavor of the German people to prosper. A nation's will to live is not suddenly altered by the adoption of a new con-

stitution, any more than a citizen's need of caring for his family is altered when he joins the church or the Socialist Party. Germany would still want coal and iron and cotton and rubber to keep her industries going and her population working; she would still have to have customers in Africa and Asia to sell her products to in exchange for food and raw materials; she would still need colonies for her surplus population; and she would go on striving—and very possibly fighting—for these necessities if her revolution should prove as thoroughgoing as the Russian. The only security lay in converting the Germans to a belief in the virtue of national suicide. That might be worth trying.

The worst part of it was that the enemy might really be persuaded by this revolutionary propaganda. Then the whole French program would be put on the defensive. It would necessitate a lot of irksome explaining, and a whole new campaign to show how and when a republic is not a republic. It would not, of course, change the program of "victoire intégrale" in the slightest. That simply could not be done. Only with the Kaiser where he was, it would be so much smoother sailing. One could take whatever one liked under the general head of punishing the Kaiser. One could rescue the African colonies, to say nothing of the Germans of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, from the domination of Prussian militarism. To be sure, a German revolution might shorten the war, but what are a hundred thousand *poilus* and an equal number of

Huns and allies when ancient national aspirations are at stake?

However, the revolution in Germany did come; and so facts must be faced. The diplomatic way of facing facts is to deny them, or at least to call them by other names. That is classic tradition. The oil of Mosul is not the oil of Mosul; it is the beloved Christian brethren of Armenia. Collecting the Tsar's debts is called a sanitary cordon (what matter that in attempting to strangle the Bolshevik hydra some few millions of peasant children are inadvertently strangled first?) A foothold in China (the Kaiser this time) becomes a solemn religious business about missionaries. The partition of Africa is sung as the white man's burden, the light of civilization—nothing about the fire—carried to the backward corners of the earth.

So the German revolution must be shown to be a mere masquerade, a Junker trick. That American idealistic business had to be satisfied somehow. One could go on ragging a bad dog, or even a dog with a bad reputation, but to tease a helpless animal which merely slept in the same kennel,—well, the by-standers might not approve. They will have to be convinced that it is the very same dog with all his teeth intact. One will have to kick the mangy beast to make him snap and snarl. There simply will have to be a German menace. Maybe America could thus be wheedled into ratifying that treaty of alliance, after all—or at any rate into neutrality.

The music-hall offensive against the German Repub-

lic was presently launched, with all the engines of mock-solemn humbug invented and perfected during the war. Was it a change of heart, or a change of raiment? Was Germany chastened, or merely chastised? (This, I pray you, from the contrite souls of the Quai d'Orsay.) Could a Hun turn democrat overnight? We all know how it goes. We have had an American tour of the farce, a very long one, Heaven knows.

It went over better than was expected. Thanks, again, to Mr. Wilson. The very fact that the American President had urged Germany to be done with the Kaiser was seized on as proof positive that the enemy was playing a part. Just because we had promised the German people to deal fairly with them, Prussian militarism was hiding behind the German people. The German Republic was a mere cloak for the German Kaiser, so as to deceive the naïve Entente into generous peace terms. What could be simpler? The heroine promises the villain to marry him if he will stop drinking. He does stop drinking. Is it not as plain as day that he has changed his habits merely to win the lady?

If this were just the usual political mummery, no one with a grain of intelligence or self-respect would waste a word on it. But the farce is also a bloody tragedy involving an entire populous continent. Therefore it cannot be dismissed with a shrug. With the French people it is no good arguing. They really are scared. They are convinced that the Germans are capable of anything—even of setting their own house on fire just

to make their neighbor believe that they have no stolen goods in it. I have heard intelligent Frenchmen explain with serious faces that the plot to assassinate the Austrian archduke was hatched in the Wilhelmstrasse. It would not surprise me if, supposing the Kaiser had shot himself, the French would have said that the suicide was a mere ruse to obtain easy peace terms for an unrepentant military dictatorship under the Kaiser.

But I am writing for Americans, and I ask, What is an honest revolution? You may take any one of the half-dozen social upheavals of the last twenty centuries, and if you examine them from this point of view of thoroughgoing purgation, the results seem rather discouraging. They leave the world pretty much where it was before. Was the Judeo-Christian revolution in the Roman world real? It did away with Cæsar, and put in his place His Holiness the Pope. The militarism and conquests and invasions, the slave markets, the social inequality remained. What was the net gain—to the peasants, for instance, —of the Lutheran revolt? It overthrew the visible despotism of the Vatican, and put in its place the tyranny of the inspired word. Would General Foch call that a true conversion and cleansing of the soul? Even the American Revolution made the President of the United States a more powerful monarch than any European king. What purgation there was took place not so much at the revolution as at the emigration. And the great French Revolution itself? Does M.

Poincaré for an instant pretend that it has purged the French State of militarism. Versailles was a dove of peace beside the Quai d'Orsay. As a matter of fact, a "real" revolution beyond the Rhine—say, something on the Russian model—would scare the French Government out of its wits. It would set it calling loudly, and in a voice of panic, for the immediate restoration of the Kaiser.

For a time, however, the engines seemed to function poorly. The mangy dog was too good-natured, or perhaps too weary, to snarl. There was a long succession of cabinets, notably that of Herr Wirth, which endeavored to carry out "the policy of fulfilment." The French Government was driven to undermine them. The Republic was already laboring under the crushing onus of surrender. The Quai d'Orsay, in its eagerness to make the revolution real, did everything in its dictatorial power to encourage the handful of Junkers and militarists in Bavaria in their efforts to discredit the young democracy. Innocent people were puzzled. They could not understand why France, whose only safety was in a democratic Germany, was doing nothing to make the path of these cabinets a little smoother. The explanation is on the surface. The European statesman is by training and tradition an *agent provocateur*. He needs the disturber across the frontier in his business. He needs restless subject nationalities within his own territory. He needs whole continents of backward races. He must have them as a justification for his invasions, occupations, protectorates, mandates,

martial law edicts, defense of the realm and espionage acts, for the abrogation of constitutional liberty at home and wars abroad. Not least, he needs them as a reason for his own existence. Therefore, if menaces will not arise spontaneously, he is obliged to foster and nurse, even to invent them. That is why the foreign office is such a staunch believer in nationality. If Europe were not a maze of frontiers, there would be no need of diplomats. What do you guess would have happened to the foreign policy of the Ballplatz if there had been no Slav agitation in Serbia? Supposing Africa were by some miracle suddenly to become "civilized," and China "orderly," would the European foreign offices command the bells to be rung in the cathedrals by way of thanksgiving? I think it more likely that they would be plunged into a panic, and send expeditionary forces to smash up that insincere conversion.

The offensive is progressing, but not exactly according to plan. For the time being it has resulted merely in continuing the paralysis of Europe, and in isolating France. Not one of her allies in the war is by her side to-day, with the solitary exception of Belgium, and Belgium is hitched to the French wagon, not out of choice but because it cannot help itself. England, America and Italy are drifting more and more into a state of benevolent neutrality toward the enemy. Most important of all, there is Russia. The conduct of France toward that unhappy country is a full-grown mystery. The Quai d'Orsay has been deceiving the

world these five years with its pious dislike of the "autocracy" of the Soviets; it has been deceiving its own people with the pretence of attempting to collect the Tsar's debts; but it has deceived no one as much as itself in its genuine endeavor to restore the old régime and the alliance. Its persistent subsidizing of counter-revolution in Russia has not only lost France the friendship of the Russian people for generations to come, it has forced the pacifists of the Kremlin to militarize the country afresh, with the result that Germany has been fitted out with a natural and powerful and anti-French ally.

I have written this chapter to explain, as I understand it, the policy of France in Europe. With minor modifications and on a somewhat reduced scale, the analysis will hold good for the doings of the Great and the Little Entente. In Hungary, it seems, the revolution was thorough enough for the forces of democracy (chiefly Rumanian) to rush in and overwhelm it so successfully as to produce a Magyar menace rather more real than was needed for propaganda purposes.

But I have not even tried, because I do not begin to know how, to explain America's coddling of reaction. We really were sincerely aiming at the overthrow of the Kaiser-Junker gang. We did not seek merely to weaken it and keep it alive so as to play cat and mouse with it till doomsday—or at least until the next war. We were the godmother of German democracy. I

challenge Sir A. Conan Doyle and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim to invent any fantastic plot they please which will, without resort to the supernatural, explain American foreign policy in the past five years.

Chapter XII

Postscript: A Diffident Program

THE task I set myself when I started out to write this book is, for better or for worse, done. But as I am about to write Finis it dawns on me that I have omitted something important, after all. I have diagnosed the malady to the best of my learning, administered a rather sound scolding to the patient and the family, made caustic comments about the quackeries of the healers, and then I was about to depart without as much as recommending a régime.

In all frankness I am exceedingly reluctant to prescribe. I am well aware that the decent thing is to end such a book on an optimistic note. But I do not feel in the least optimistic. With the best will in the world I can descry no encouraging signs anywhere. The outlook is as black as can be. I have little hope that Europe will lift herself out of the quicksands into which she is sinking deeper and deeper, and small confidence that America will in her present temper and with her present leadership summon either the good will or the energy to come to the aid of the world. The crisis may pass, but it is not beyond the range of

possibilities that the patient,—who is no less a person than Western Civilization—may succumb. Europe is drifting, and America is muddling, and the visible future promises no change of direction. Under such circumstances it is both presumptuous and futile to prescribe panaceas. The supreme opportunity for the orderly liquidation of Europe's evil inheritance was allowed to pass unused, and it is not likely soon to return. The great faith in America's power for salvation is undermined, and her record since the peace has not tended to revive it. As I look over the field I perceive that no program, however well meant, is adequate to the need, and that nearly all are more likely to aggravate the malady than to cure it. It is one thing to have a vision of the goal, and quite another to know how to arrive. For myself, I pretend to no prophetic wisdom. What palliatives I am prepared to suggest I offer in the hope that they may do no harm, that they may at the most serve to check the disorder and decay. But I offer them with all the less confidence because, in the present posture of things, those who wield the power are scarcely likely to heed them.

America is the chief hope for the present. She remains, what she was from the beginning, the crucial nation, the natural arbiter in the destinies of the Old World. Hers are the traditions and the power—if she only would use them!—to save Europe from utter collapse. She can do much, and I have little doubt

that sooner or later, in one way or another, she will be driven to intervene again with all her might and majesty. The same ideals, the same broad concerns, which pried her out of her cherished isolation in the past, will conspire to make her abandon it once more. The task she undertook six years ago is, as we are assured on all hands, unfinished. There is neither safety nor honor in aloofness. Those of us who glory in the good name of America and keep an abiding and lofty faith in her mission in the world, can only hope that she will choose the right time and the right way of intervention. It would be the final tragedy if we were to hang back until every shred of honor and humane purpose is gone out of the enterprise (as we did in '14), rush in at the last moment, half cocked in defense of some minor interest of our own (as we did in '17), and end up by righteously leaving Europe in ruins (as we did in '19).

I shall in all probability be told that the proposals I am about to make will constitute interference, and we have had enough of meddling. The objection cannot be seriously sustained. We have never ceased interfering. Our present isolation is a delusion and a snare—a delusion of political Ladies of Shalott, and a snare which will entangle us in future wars.

If therefore we are to go on taking a hand in the affairs of the world, let us do so in a manner befitting the traditions and the aims of the American people.

I

A WARNING TO FRANCE

The most pressing business on the calendar is to end actual hostilities. The war which the government of France is at this moment conducting in Germany cannot be regarded as a private quarrel between two nations. It is one of the chief obstructions in the path of European rehabilitation; and it is our duty to induce France—to coerce her if need be—to submit a matter that affects the peace of the world to the opinion and a reasoned judgment of the whole world.

I say "coerce." Therefore I must stress again that the last thing I have in mind is a renewed show of violence toward the nations of Europe. At the present stage we can still achieve our disinterested purposes without resort to blood and bluster. We have better weapons than the living flesh of our young men. The fact is that we shall not succeed in persuading the governments of other nations until we contrive to bring our own authorities around to a sense of their responsibility. It would, for instance, be puerile to assume that the French militarists embarked on their present criminal adventure against the peace of Europe without first reaching out a feeler toward Washington. It seems incredible, but the fact that the step was taken leaves no other conclusion than that our Government consented, for Heaven knows what considerations, to wink at the proceedings. It is the business

of the American democracy, of the mass of American men and women, to make it known to their leaders that the honor of their country is dearer to them than the aggrandizement of militarists and industrialists, even if they are of French nationality. Having set our own house in order, we shall then be in a position to deal with our neighbors. I have no hesitation in saying that in the present state of the world there is not the slightest danger of war resulting from any plain speaking we might do to those in control of France. There are other weapons, at once less drastic and more effective, than violence.

Here in America we still persist in our war habit of regarding nations as solid units. Just as in the recent struggle our more insane propagandists pictured for us the German people as thinking solely through the feeble mind of the Kaiser, so now we are being led to suppose that France is at one with the militarists of the Quai d'Orsay. We found out on November 9, 1918, that the German people had a mind, indeed a number of minds, distinct from that of their war lords. I beg to inform the reader that exactly the same is the case in France to-day. Organized labor and the liberal forces are pretty solidly opposed to the Government policy, not merely as a matter of party tactics, but on principle. Among the rank and file of the nation one rarely hears a voice of unqualified approval. The country as a whole is at best sceptical about the wisdom of its rulers' methods. The press, to be sure, is nearly a unit in supporting the authori-

ties. That, however, proves nothing. In France the newspaper is not a mirror of public opinion; it is, to a degree unknown in other countries, a medium of propaganda.

Yet it cannot be said that the nation generally opposes the present policies of those who govern it. It obediently, if tacitly, assents for the same reasons that the German people supported the Kaiser and a growing number of them to-day support the Ludendorffs and the Hitlers—because they truly believe that French imperialism is after reparations and security. If once it is brought home to them that they are risking the honor and safety of their country in dubious adventures, they will assert themselves, exactly as the German people dismissed the Kaiser when the Russian Revolution and Brest-Litovsk and the Wilson program convinced them that their government was bleeding them to death and making the German name a by-word among mankind for ends which they loathed, for ends which in reality spelled the enslavement of the German nation itself under the arrogant heel of the Junker. The friendship of America and Britain is of more importance to the French people than any conceivable amount of reparations, security or dominance on the continent. And a straightforward statement to them now, warning them that the present course of their governing class is alienating the respect and affection of the American people, would bring very prompt results. About the most catastrophic consequence that could result would

be a shake-up in the French Chambers and a new alignment of power in France. That was what our plain speaking and the announcement of our war aims led to in Germany in 1918. It is the worst that could happen now. The sauce that is good for the goose is good for the gander. If the elimination of the Kaiser and Ludendorff was a desirable thing, the elimination of Poincaré and the Comité des Forges and the royalist generals from French politics is, in the existing disintegration of Europe, infinitely more desirable yet. If the birth of the German Republic helped to bring the last war to an end, the return of the French Republic to sanity will contribute much toward preventing the next great war.

What we ought to say to France is something in the nature of the following:

All your claims and pretensions are based on the Versailles Treaty. On the assumption that that is a valid document, your bill ought to be paid. Under the existing disorder, also, where a party to a suit may interpret the law as he chooses, you are even justified in resorting to violence and barbarity to secure payment, or whatever it is you are after. But the Treaty is not a lawful document. It was rushed through in the heat and passion of war when we were all rather mad. And your effort to foreclose on Germany and dispossess her—which I can tell you as a friend is my notion of your real object—is an insane and very dangerous business, not only because we and other people cannot tolerate the crushing of a necessary and eventually good neighbor and customer, and because we loathe the perpetuation of such uncivilized

methods of settling scores, but principally because in the end it will be the death of you.

Your whole program is too silly for words; and if you could only pause in your panic long enough to set your well-known logical faculty functioning, you would realize as we your friends do, that your militarists are driving you to the edge of a precipice. The thing cannot be done. The good old days are over when victors could give the vanquished to the sword and carry their women and children into slavery. Moreover, even if you contemplated reviving that custom for making treaties secure, we would not permit it. We would not permit it for exactly the same reasons that we could not permit Germany to smash you in 1917. That, as we see it, is about the only logical culmination of your present rampage. If it fails—and we frankly mean to see that it does fail—you will simply land in disaster. You will have embittered the German people, forced them to put their entire hope of survival in revenge, and given them a cause for smashing you sooner or later which the opinion of mankind will view as a cause of justice and liberation. Also, incidentally, you are frittering away the greatest assets in your possession—the friendship and genuine admiration of Britain and America. What will become of you when your present thunderbolts turn boomerang and come back to strike you? You are top-dog now, but Germany is a bigger dog than you.

And look what a muddle you have got yourself into with Russia through the folly and intransigeance of your fire-eaters. The Brest-Litovsk business left that great nation in very bad humor with Germany. The revolution—whatever righteous indignation you may have entertained against it in principle—could so easily

have been turned to your advantage. It was pacific both in intent and in result. It left the country pretty helpless. Now if you had used your brain you could have gone in and made a secure and life-long friend of the new régime. With your education and your capital you could have dominated its vast resources. Who knows? Had you played the game skillfully, evoked the bogey of German menace in Russia, you might even have succeeded in arming her again to be your Eastern arm in your eternal future wars. What did you go and do? By encouraging and directly organizing one counter-revolutionary adventure after another, you have made Russia your bitterest enemy, forced her to militarize herself against her deepest wish, and driven her into the arms of your other foe. Small wonder you are in panic now. What will become of you when those two nations, potentially the most formidable in Europe, unite to settle their common account with you?

But you may trust us not to let it come to that. We cannot stand aside—for your sake first, and for Germany's sake, and for the sake of everybody all round. We have something to say in this affair. We have a stake in the peace and welfare of Europe. Don't forget that after all we played some little part in making you top-dog. Above all don't forget that our self-respect as a nation is involved in that nasty scrap of paper signed in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. Doubtless you will argue that that being so we ought to honor it. But can't you see that there is no such thing as honoring a dishonorable promise? We were intoxicated, moonstruck, bewitched. In the last analysis we collaborated as the Germans signed—under the spell of the war specter. But we have

sobered up, thank Heaven—most of the other nations, too, have sobered up—and we are conscious of antecedent, really honorable pledges, to God and mankind, and in particular to the German people. We recall something about a peace of justice to all, to those to whom we wish and those to whom we do not wish to be just. This pledge we must honor. We cannot do otherwise. That signature given in our nightmare we will not and we cannot honor. It will drag us down to the eternal condemnation of history.

Come, now, one of your difficulties is that you have got into bad habits. You trust too much to propaganda. Because you succeeded once in getting our people to fight on your side, you seem to think that you can keep on doing it always. In all honesty, you betray a most unflatteringly low estimate of the intelligence and the sense of justice of this nation. You seem never to have asked yourself why you got away with it in '17. You seem to forget that you had a good cause then. But you haven't now. You have, indeed, such a very bad cause this time that the same logic which drove America to join your side last time inexorably impels her to oppose you now and to lean towards your opponent. Propaganda is not everything, you know—given an intelligent and essentially right-thinking audience. It is an effective and legitimate aid when justice is yours. In the present instance it may befog the issue for a time, but in the end you will get less than nothing by it. The American people will find out what is what, and their sense of your indefensible aims in Europe will be aggravated by their resentment at the attempt to play them for suckers.

II

SECURITY FOR FRANCE

But our transaction with the French people must not be another Treaty of Versailles. We dare not wean the nation away from its fire-eaters and sword-swallowers and then leave it exposed to the menace of defeat and exploitation at the hands of their ancient enemies—enemies, to be sure, raised by those fire-eaters and sword-swallowers but very real and terrible just the same. We must carry out our program to the last article, not grow weary before it is half done as we did in the past. We must make it possible for France really to rebuild her demolished home, and above all we must do all in our unlimited might to assure the safety of France in a general covenant of European security.

That involves a series of specific acts. It involves in the first place a new American policy toward Germany. The security of France and of Europe depends very greatly on the pacific development of the German Republic. Fully convinced as I am that the revolution of November 9th was real, as real as any local national revolution ever was in Europe, that republican ideals are very deeply rooted in the race which made the Protestant revolt and the Swiss Revolution and the uprising of 1848, and that republican institutions can grow permanently in Germany—I am none the less

not unaware that there is a vital difference between 1918 and 1923. We, and especially France, have so long bullied the democratic parties of Germany that a considerable element of public opinion of that country—an element which rejoiced in the elimination of the monarchy and the military clique, and which still dreads their return—has been driven to see in them the only hope of German security and self-respect. In 1918 Bavaria was the heart and centre of German democracy. To-day both Bavaria and a disconcertingly large part of the rest of Germany are in effect no more a republic than is Hungary. Germany is under outside pressure being progressively transformed into an uncrowned monarchy, a regency, which keeps the throne warm until the king can come back to take his seat on it.

It lies in our power even yet to reassure the republican forces in Germany. Keep in mind that the real sovereignty of the defeated countries resides not in their own governments but abroad in the capitals of the victors. The United States is the pivotal power of the late Entente—to the same degree to-day as it was in 1917. We can make and destroy cabinets in Berlin and Munich more effectually than in Washington. We have been doing it ever since we sent the Kaiser scurrying over the Dutch frontier. We can go on doing it. But the only way to keep Germany democratic and pacific, the only way to wake her out of her dream of revenge, is to reassure her people of our good will toward them, to convince them by concrete

acts that they have everything to lose by a return to their antiquated and discarded system, and that they stand to gain the confidence, the co-operation and the organized protection of all mankind by continuing to travel along the road of democracy and peace to which they took so recently.

III

REPARATIONS

How that reassurance can be effectively achieved leads me to my next point. In my judgment the cry of the French Government that Germany is deliberately evading her obligations under the Treaty is true. I hold, furthermore, that the Germans are right in their resistance. I cannot put that too strongly. There is not enough violence in my make-up to express the contempt I feel for the corruptness or stupidity of that species of American opinion which begins its indictment of the present French course by declaring that "Germany ought to be coerced." I hold that for Germany to pay under this Treaty voluntarily is to dishonor herself, and for us to connive in her coercion is to dishonor ourselves. Germany may or may not owe money to France. That is not the question. I have my own opinion about that, but it is irrelevant here. The only thing to observe in this connection is that as long as the Treaty of Versailles exists Germany is morally and legally absolved from obligation. That Treaty is not only the product of treachery; it repre-

sents not only the most infamous betrayal that civilized nations ever practiced on a fallen enemy—a betrayal in which we, as the proponents of pre-armistice terms, bear a heavy share of guilt; it is a law contrary to law. It is a blank check signed by a nation prostrate under the heel of an enemy with a dagger in his hand. How any American citizen with the most elementary notion of civilized dealings or of law can go on screaming that a debt so incurred ought to be paid, passes understanding.

Until that blank check, extorted under duress, is torn up there can be no talk among decent men of Germany's obligations. What happens in a court of justice when a creditor sues for collection of a debt evidenced by a note of hand, signed by the defendant, with a pistol pointed at his head? I believe the court throws out the case and tears up the note. The debt itself may be a legitimate one. The defendant may very well have smashed the plaintiff's furniture and set fire to his house. But for the moment that is not the question. That is not what the present suit is about. The immediate business in hand turns on the point that here is a claim based on a document assented to by the defendant under compulsion. For the moment the case goes against the plaintiff. To determine whether the demand for damages is just or not, there will have to be a fresh trial, an orderly civilized suit to which the two parties will be summoned to come with their hands free. It will be for the court to sift the evidence and to assess the amount of damage.

Who can tell? The jury may find that the furniture was smashed and the house burned in a general riot and conflagration in which the plaintiff had as much of a hand as the defendant; that it was only by sheer luck or superior cunning, or painstaking precaution that the defendant escaped injury to his own property. Or, again, the jury may inadvertently hit on the fact that the claim only appears unpaid because the plaintiff's confederates have by their superior cunning contrived to deflect a large share of the payments into their own pockets under some specious claim trumped up at the last moment. The Germans owe it to the decent traditions of civilized litigation at all costs to refuse to pay a single red cent until these questions have been threshed out. That is what I call fighting for humanity and the right.

A great deal has been said about the advisability of America cancelling the Allied debt. In my estimation the time for such a policy is past. I believe, moreover, that the objects which would justify it could be achieved in another and less expensive way. The United States could eliminate much of the pretext and friction of war in Europe to-day by taking over the reparations burden. Doubtless, on first blush, the American people will be opposed to such an undertaking. I know that at the present moment they are opposed to every kind of financing in Europe. But their opposition is inspired first by a lack of confidence in the aims and methods of European governments, and secondly by a blind and selfish propaganda in their

own country. I do not wish to suggest a counter propaganda. We have had enough of lies and special pleading and exaggeration and axe-grinding in all countries. We ought to bring the facts home to America, arouse her to the genuineness and the permanency of her interest in Europe—an interest of unredeemed honor, of community of race and civilization, and of national prosperity. They ought to be shown that the well-being of our population is intimately bound up with that of the great continent across the sea; that our farmers, our industries, the education of our children, yes, the very existence of our polity, depend on the peaceful progress of the European motherland.

In sum, it is good business. It would pay us in the long run. I am not so generous as to be willing to pay other people's taxes. But I cannot forget that one year of war has cost us considerably more in treasure alone than the wildest estimate of the present German reparations debt;* and there can be no question that had it been necessary we would willingly, even enthusiastically, have spent as much blood and wealth again to bring the war to a successful conclusion. Now, if I have not utterly failed in this book, it must have become clear that the war is not won, that our purposes have not yet begun to be carried out. The elimination of this source of strife promises to become a means of bringing the uncompleted struggle to a

*The French government estimate puts the amount at 102 billion francs, or about seven billion dollars.

successful conclusion, and to save us from the necessity of fighting in the next war.

But we must see to it that our treasure is used for these ends and for nothing else. We must show that we have learned something from our recent experiences, that though we have not become callous men of the world, we have not remained the convent-girl idealists of 1917. We must commit the statesmen of France to a policy of reparation, not just turn over our resources to them to play at militaristic adventuring, and to carry civilization to Africa. Concretely, we should write no checks at all payable to Poincaré and Company. We could very simply take over the German reparations debt, issue treasury bonds to our own people under the guarantee of the United States Government, and with the money thus obtained, go in and rebuild the devastated areas ourselves, with the advice and co-operation, of course, of the States concerned. There need be but one string attached to this generous offer. For the moment the bonds should constitute a lien on the resources of the German nation. But only temporarily. The statesmen of the Entente must agree to a reopening of the whole question at a re-convened Peace Conference, and abide by the apportionment of the reparations debt as decided by that conference. Should that decision place the responsibility for the damage caused in Northern France and in Belgium on Europe as a whole, the bonds would become redeemable not by Germany alone but by all the countries involved in the war.

The assumption by America for the time being of the reparations burden will serve the cause of peace in two signal directions. By depriving the diplomats of France of their chief pretext for continuing the war, it will enable Germany to breathe freely again. By ending hostilities, it will go a very long way towards undermining the position of the monarchists and trouble-makers in Germany. The German people were not unwilling to repair the damage caused by their armies in Northern France until the reactionaries —with the aid of their fellows beyond the Rhine— convinced them that their efforts would be wasted because the enemy sought not reparations, but the permanent destruction of Germany, and produced the proofs too by pointing to the indeterminate bill. A demonstration that the victor means business will very effectually clear the atmosphere. And I venture to predict that America will never have to invade the Ruhr to get her bonds honored, even in the event that the re-convened conference leaves Germany the debtor.

IV

RUSSIA

Our next step in the pacification and reconstruction of Europe should be the reinstatement of Russia in the communion of mankind. Such action is dictated by common sense, common decency, as well as the economic interests of this country and the world as a

whole. I have no particular affection for the present government of Russia. I am quite ready to admit, for the purposes of this argument, that the existing régime is a tyrannical dictatorship. But I cannot feel that the kind of government Russia chooses to have is either my business or the business of the American people. The nation who knew how to get rid of the Romanoffs may be trusted to know how, when it chooses, to get rid of the Communists without our assistance. And no one but a propaganda-fed ignoramus can have any doubt that between the dark and bloody despotism of the Tsar, and the bloody and enlightened despotism of Lenin, the advantages for the Russian people are all on the side of Lenin.

It is something for us to reflect on that the only party within Russia—as opposed to the gangs organized by her enemies outside—the only party which has enough support among the Russian people to constitute a challenge to the Communists, are the Social Revolutionaries of the Left. That party is not a counter-revolutionary organization. It is neither anti-Soviet nor anti-Socialist. It is merely anti-Bolshevik. In its program it differs about as much from the present government as our Democrats differ from the Republicans, or as the Conservatives in England differ from the Lloyd George Liberals. It is, as one of its members in New York expressed it, an organization of Bolshevist anti-Bolsheviks. To regard it as the hope of the old order in Russia is as profound political perspicacity as to look to the present

opposition in our Congress to restore the American States to the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

The fact that this is so in a country under revolution means something. It means that the existing order in Russia rests fundamentally on the consent of the vast majority of the people, that its general policy is in accord with their wishes, and that its departures from the aims of the nation are not significant enough to justify the bother of overthrowing it. That is equivalent to saying that the present régime, whether administered by one party or another, is destined to remain for a considerable time to come.

I am aware that the philosophy and the internal economy of the Kremlin are distasteful to our traditions. But so were the aims and methods of the Romanoffs. We never raised our voice against the tyranny of the Tsars. We took the stand that the internal affairs of a State are its own business, not ours. If we could get on with the ancient despotism, we can get on with the new. If our consciences permitted us to have an ambassador at St. Petersburg, they will not revolt at our having one at Moscow.

For the present our meddling promises but one of two results: either we will succeed in superseding the Bolsheviks by the Social Revolutionaries, which will be a change in name but not in substance; or if we really mean business, and intervene with fire and sword, we will promote a restoration of the monarchy with all its attendant horrors of punitive massacre, which we shall like still less. There is no

other choice. Democracy as we have and understand it, is for the present quite out of the question in Russia. Democracy implies a large and influential middle class. The régime of the Tsars made a middle class impossible. It rested on an agrarian aristocracy, which dreaded both democracy and the commercial bourgeoisie, and it did everything it could to suppress the growth of both. The present order, while it loves the middle class and its institutions no more than did its predecessor, is forced by the logic of circumstances to be at least lenient towards them. Recent developments in Russia indicate that a middle class is rapidly arising, and that so genuine is the need felt for it that theoretical Communism is obliged to compromise with it. More than likely we shall sooner have what we want there—assuming that democracy is our aim—if we give the country an opportunity to work out its own salvation. And by substituting economic co-operation for political interference, we shall do a great deal toward preserving the Russian people and their friendship for us as well as cease enraging the gods with that species of human impertinence which complacently goes forward to deflect the course of history.

More than that, Bolshevism as a social theory may be a menace to bourgeois democracy, or it may be nothing more than a propagandist bogey; but that the excommunication of a power of the proportions of Russia from relations with the rest of the world is a very grave menace to the peace of Europe, has already been demonstrated by the history of the past few

years. The militarization of a nation which revolted against militarism, and its ever closer rapprochement towards an alliance with the defeated Germans, show clearly enough that the Russian danger lies not in its power to impose Communism on nations which do not want it, but in its insuppressible endeavor to break out of its confinement and, in the process, drenching in blood a world which is in bitter need of peace and orderly rebuilding.

Look at Russian activity abroad soberly, and you will be startled to discover that her real propaganda is not Bolshevist but something very closely resembling old-fashioned diplomacy; that the Soviets are undermining not bourgeois institutions, but the empires of their enemies. In Turkey and in the Middle East the Russians preach not Communism but nationalism. They are getting at the Western powers by addressing themselves to their most sensitive spot. They are trying to give them something else to do than to subsidize civil war in Russia. Even the so-called Communist propaganda in France and elsewhere is designed primarily to create a party favorable to Russia in the enemy's country. The basic policy of Lenin is not so much to revolutionize the world, but to save his own country from death by war and blockade. It is a national, not an international policy. It will go on as long as the biggest country in Europe continues to be an outlaw. Make peace with Russia, restore her to her rightful place among the nations, and she will feel the dignity and responsibility of her

status and behave like other governments. There can be little doubt of that.

V

AMERICANISM IN EUROPE

The peace made in Paris has demonstrated the incapacity of the old statesmanship to adapt itself to the modern needs of the world. Its aims and its methods belong to the dead past. It is a survival, an incubus on the body politic. It reigns over the nations, but it cannot govern them. It does not understand the problems of mankind, it is out of touch and out of sympathy with the aspirations of an age which has outgrown it. Unless the world retires it from active service and deprives it of its power for mischief, it will drag humanity down to final ruin.

America has nothing in common with this superannuated statesmanship. America is in tune with the living spirit of the world. She has her eyes and her thoughts fixed on the future. She must seek her fellows elsewhere, among the men and women of the Old World who think as she does, and see as she sees.

During the war the true allies of America were not the official heads of the Entente nations. The ends we sought were not their ends. They never shared our aspirations for permanent peace and a secure world. Our reliance was on the liberal groups and parties, not only in the enemy countries to whom we appealed directly, but also in the countries with which

we were associated. As I have shown earlier, our peace program was in all essentials identical with the peace program of the British Labor Party. The labor parties of the other Allied nations strove toward the same goal.

Now what was true in war time is still true. It cannot be too often repeated that what is called Labor in Europe is a very different thing from what we understand by the word over here. European labor parties are not so much class organizations as the spokesmen of a philosophy of social relations. Their membership, and especially their leadership, embraces the best brains of all strata of society. Their chief aim is internationalism, and internationalism is, as I have repeatedly pointed out, the European equivalent of Americanism.

These groups are the only hope of peace and order in Europe, and if America knows her interest she will ally herself with them and by every means in her vast power increase and strengthen their beneficial influence. I am not especially concerned with their internal programs; I am not even certain that I quite approve them. Like most good Americans, I am at heart an individualist. But I am very deeply concerned about the peace of the world and the preservation of European civilization. So, I am certain, is America. And I can see no reason why America cannot work together with people toward a common end regardless of what her collaborators think of the referendum and the nationalization of coal mines.

The Europeans—the peoples of the Old World—have never been so determined as they are now to unify their continent and its adjacent islands for peace and industry. The labor parties and the liberal groups in all the countries are endeavoring to achieve these purposes by orderly methods. They may fail. But if they do fail, the masses of the world will go on striving for them by other paths. And no man can foretell the result.

The menace of European revolution is not past. It is not in the immediate future. It lies ahead. The disenchantment, the political passivism, that overtook the nations of Europe after the peace cannot endure. In the not distant future, the working masses are certain to shake themselves out of their lethargy and resume the struggle for liberation from the specter of war which is oppressing them. If America fails them, if the pacific efforts of liberalism prove unequal to the task, they will have no choice but to resort to the ultimate weapon.

I am sure that no thoughtful person desires such a culmination. But the forces that work in history are unmoved by our sentiments. The prospect before the coming decades is a repetition on a larger canvas and in more violent colors of the upheaval of 1848. The Peace of Vienna laid the tinder for that conflagration. The Conference of Paris has piled high the fuel for the next holocaust. Vienna crushed not France, nor even Napoleon; it buried, or thought it buried, the nascent democracy of 1789. The victors in the

last war, on the pretext of punishing Germany, crushed the hopes not of one nation but of the common men of all Europe—the hopes which the President of the United States and the nascent internationalism of Russia did so much to raise. But it has defeated them only for a time. Europe will fight, if need be, for her life and freedom.

It lies in the power of America, more than in any other factor that I can think of, to decide whether the struggle shall be won at the council table or in the blood and dust of revolution.

Ravage, M.E. H.

The Malady of Europe

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